Van^d. Gucht Sculp

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# *ATHALIAH.*

A

# TRAGEDY.

Tranſlated from the *French* of

MONSIEUR *RACINE.*

By Mr. *WILLIAM DUNCOMBE.*

The SECOND EDITION.

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TO

# William Lowndes, *Senr. Esq;*

*SIR,*

THE Original of the Tragedy, that I do myself the Honour to inscribe to You, (great Part of the Translation of which has lain by me above eight Years) was written by one of the finest Authors of the *French* Nation, who thought it no Disparagement to let his Wit and Learning be subservient to the Cause of

Religion and Virtue. As he diſcovers in it a hearty Deteſtation of Tyranny, and the moſt generous Love of Legal Freedom, and did not deſign meerly to amuſe and delight, but to inſtruct and improve his Auditors and Readers; I perſuade myſelf (if the Beauties of the Original are not wholly loſt in the Tranſlation) it will be no unacceptable Preſent to One who has ſo ſucceſsfully employed his Pains in the Study of our excellent Laws and Conſtitution, and ſpent ſo many Years in the Service of his Country with unwearied Application and Diligence.

It is not for me to anticipate the Part of the Hiſtorian. I hope ſome able Writer will ſet in a juſt Light the Train of fortunate Counſels, by which the late difficult War was adminiſtred, as well as the ſignal Victories obtained in it: And to him I

muſt

muſt refer the Praiſes due to thoſe, who found out Ways and Means of raiſing Supplies, and furniſhing ſo large an Army with Pay and Neceſſaries for ſuch a Length of Time. They who will reflect how great a Share You had therein, and conſequently in ſtrengthening the Proteſtant Succeſſion, will not wonder, Sir, You ſhould be oppoſed with ſo much Rage and Fury by the avowed Enemies of the late glorious Revolution, who can be eſteem'd, at beſt, but lukewarm Friends to the preſent Eſtabliſhment.

I might be juſtly blamed, if, on this Occaſion, I ſhou'd omit to mention that ſhining Proof of an unblemiſhed Conduct, which You have not long ſince ſhewn in the midſt of an almoſt general Corruption; tho', I am ſenſible, I cannot thus ſlightly touch upon it without giving you

Pain, and displeasing that Modesty, which adds a Lustre to all your other Virtues; But as it is done with the utmost Sincerity, and without the least Design of Flattery, I promise myself, your Goodness will pardon this only Instance in which you will ever be offended by,

*SIR,*

*Your Obliged and*

*Most Obedient Humble Servant,*

November, 1722.

Wm. DUNCOMBE.

# TO THE
# READER.

THE *Reputation of Mr.* Racine's *Plays is ſo well eſtabliſhed in the World, and ſome of them have been acted with ſo much deſerved Applauſe upon the* Engliſh *Stage, that it may be thought unneceſſary to add any thing farther in Recommendation of them. I cannot, however, forbear taking Notice of a handſome Compliment paid to* Corneille *and* Racine, *by Mr.* Dacier *in his Notes upon* Ariſtotle's Art of Poetry, *where ſpeaking of the Delicacy of the* Athenians, *who demanded a Poet equal to* Æſchylus, Sophocles *and* Euripides, *he adds*; '*We are more reaſonable in* 'our *Deſires, for we are contented if thoſe who* 'write *now, come near* Corneille *or* Racine, *and* 'do *not expect that any one ſhou'd excel them in* 'their *different Manners of Writing.*' *And in the Preface to the ſame Book, he ſays,* '*Mr.* Racine 'can *never be enough commended for having intro-* 'duced *the Chorus into his two laſt Pieces,* viz. 'Eſther *and* Athaliah.'

*A Spirit of Liberty breathes throughout the following Tragedy, which diſtinguiſhes the Writings of* Racine, *and of the late juſtly-admired Arch-Biſhop of* Cambray. *The Author has obſerved in it,* Horace's Servetur ad imum, &c. *The Manners*

*are every where ſuitable to the Characters, the Story is opened and carried on with the utmoſt Perſpicuity, and it abounds with noble and ſublime Sentiments of Piety and Virtue. He was not contented to move the Paſſions, unleſs at the ſame time he likewiſe improved the Will, and mended the Heart.*

*Mr.* Collier *therefore, in his* Short View of the Engliſh Stage, *while he is warmly tranſported againſt almoſt all Plays without Exception, on account of the Immoralities with which too many of them are filled, allows this Tragedy the Character of a very Religious Poem, and ſays, it may be conſidered as one continu'd Anthem.*

*It may be fit to acquaint the* Engliſh *Reader, that the Original is written in Rhime. But as rhiming Tragedies have been juſtly condemned by our beſt Criticks, and were at laſt given up by their great Advocate Mr.* Dryden, *(the fineſt Pattern of eaſy and harmonious Verſification) I have choſe to tranſlate it in a more natural Style, and which ſeems better adapted to Dialogue.*

*The Names of the Perſons in the Drama are ſet down as they ſtand in our* Engliſh *Verſion of the* Old Teſtament, *both becauſe they are more familiar to an* Engliſh *Reader, and ſeem likewiſe fitter for Tragedy, than thoſe in the* French *Poet.*

THE

# THE AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

EVERY body knows, that the Kingdom of *Judah* conſiſted of the two Tribes of *Judah* and *Benjamin*; and that the ten other Tribes, who revolted from *Rehoboam*, compoſed the Kingdom of *Iſrael*. As the Kings of *Judah* were of the Houſe of *David*, and the City and Temple of *Jeruſalem* fell to their Share, all the Prieſts and Levites reſorted to them, and always remained firmly attached to their Intereſt. For, after the Temple of *Solomon* was built, it was no more lawful to ſacrifice any where elſe; and all the Altars erected to God on Mountains, (for that Reaſon called in Scripture the *High Places*,) were diſpleaſing to him: So that the lawful Worſhip of God ſubſiſted only in the Kingdom of *Judah*. The ten Tribes (a very ſmall Number excepted) were either Idolaters or Schiſmaticks.

Beſides, theſe Prieſts and Levites themſelves compoſed a very numerous Tribe. They were divided into ſeveral Claſſes, to ſerve in the Temple, Courſe by Courſe, from one Sabbath-Day to another. The Prieſts were of the Family of *Aaron*; and none were capable of exerciſing the Prieſthood, but thoſe of this Family. The Levites were ſubordinate to the Prieſts, and, among other things, preſided over the Choir, prepared the Victims, and guarded the Temple. The Name of Levite is, however, ſometimes given in-

indifferently to all of the Tribe. They who were in waiting had Apartments allotted them, as well as the High Prieſt, in the Piazza's or Galleries, which encompaſſed the Temple, and were indeed part of it. The whole Building was called, in general, the *Holy Place.* But that part of the inward Temple, where was the Golden Candleſtick, the Altar of Perfumes, and the Tables of Shew-bread, was ſo ſtyled in a more particular Manner. And this part was likewiſe diſtinguiſhed from the *Holy of Holies*, where the Ark was kept; into which the High Prieſt only had the Privilege to enter, once a Year. It was a current Tradition, that the Mountain on which the Temple was built, was the ſame on which *Abraham* had formerly attempted to ſacrifice his Son *Iſaac*.

I thought my ſelf obliged to explain theſe Particulars, that they who cannot ſo readily conſult the Hiſtory of the Old Teſtament, may not be at a loſs in reading this Tragedy. The Subject of it, is *Joaſh* Recogniſed and Settled on the Throne: And, according to the Rules of the Theatre, it ought to have been entitled, *Joaſh*. But few People having heard it mentioned under any other Name than that of *Athaliah*, I did not think it proper to publiſh it with a different Title; eſpecially ſince *Athaliah* acts ſo conſiderable a Part in it, and it is by her Death that the Play concludes. Take here a brief Account of the principal Events, which preceded that important Action.

*Jehoram*, King of *Judah*, the Son of *Jehoſhaphat*, and the ſeventh King of the Family of *David*, married *Athaliah*, the Daughter of *Ahab* and *Jezebel*, who reigned in *Iſrael*, and were both of them noted for their bloody Perſecutions of the Prophets, but eſpecially *Jezebel*. *Athaliah*, no leſs impious than her Mother, ſoon drew the King

King her Husband into Idolatry, and even built a Temple at *Jeruſalem* to *Baal*, who was the God of *Tyre* and *Sidon*, where *Jezebel* was born. *Jehoram*, after having ſeen all the Princes his Sons, excepting *Ahaziah*, deſtroyed by the Hands of the *Arabians* and *Philiſtines*, died miſerably himſelf of a lingering Diſeaſe, which conſumed his Bowels. His unhappy Death did not however hinder *Ahaziah* from imitating his and his Mother *Athaliah*'s Impieties. But that Prince, after having reigned one Year only, going down to ſee *Jehoram* King of *Iſrael*, the Brother of *Athaliah*, was involved in the Ruin of the Houſe of *Ahab*, and ſlain by the Command of *Jehu*, whom God had anointed by his Prophets to reign over *Iſrael*, and to be the Miniſter of his Judgments. *Jehu* cut off all the Poſterity of *Ahab*, and ordered *Jezebel* to be thrown down from a Window, who, according to the Prediction of *Elijah*, was devoured by Dogs in the Vineyard of that ſame *Naboth*, whom ſhe had formerly put to Death, to ſeize upon his Inheritance. *Athaliah* being informed at *Jeruſalem* of all theſe Slaughters, reſolved, on her part, utterly to extinguiſh the Royal Houſe of *David*, by putting to Death all the Sons of *Ahaziah*, her Grand-Children. But *Jehoſheba*, the Siſter of *Ahaziah*, and the Daughter of *Jehoram*, but not by *Athaliah*, happily coming in while they were butchering the young Princes her Nephews, found Means to ſteal away little *Joaſh*, then a ſucking Child, from among the dead Bodies, and entruſted him and his Nurſe to the High Prieſt her Huſband, who hid both of them in the Temple, where he was ſecretly brought up, 'till the Day on which he was proclaimed King of *Judah*. The *Book of Kings* makes this to be the ſeventh Year afterwards. But the *Greek* Text of the *Chronicles*, which

which *Sulpitius Severus* has followed, places it on the eighth: And this gives me ſufficient Authority to ſuppoſe that Prince between nine and ten Years old, that he might be capable of anſwering the Queſtions put to him.

I am not ſenſible that I have made *Joaſh* ſay any thing above the Capacity of a Child of that Age, endued with Wit and a good Memory. But if I had tranſgreſſed a little in this Particular, it muſt be conſidered that this was an Extraordinary Child, educated in the Temple by a High Prieſt, who regarding him as the only Hope of his Nation, had inſtructed him betimes in all the Principles of Religion and Government. Beſides, the Children among the *Jews* were educated after a very different Manner from the Generality of our Children. They were not only taught the Holy Scriptures as ſoon as they were able to underſtand them, but even, to uſe St. *Paul*'s Expreſſion, ἀπὸ βρέφους, *From their very Infancy*. Every *Jew* was obliged to tranſcribe with his own Hand, once at leaſt, the whole Book of the Law: But the Kings were enjoined to copy it twice, and commanded to have it always before their Eyes. I might here add, that *France* beholds in the Perſon of a * Prince, but eight Years and an half old, (who is at preſent the Delight and Darling of the Nation) an illuſtrious Example of the Prevalence of a happy Genius in a Child, cultivated by an excellent Education: If I had attributed the ſame Vivacity and Judgment to little *Joaſh*, as ſhine in the Repartees of this young Prince, I might indeed have been juſtly accuſed of having offended againſt the Rules of Probability.

The Age of *Zachary*, the High Prieſt's Son, being not ſet down, the Reader may, if he pleaſes,

* *Lewis* XIV.

ſup-

poſe him to have been about two or three Years elder than *Joaſh*.

I have followed the Opinion of ſeveral very learned Commentators, who prove from the Text itſelf of Scripture, that all thoſe Soldiers, to whom *Jehoiada* delivered out the Arms dedicated to God by *David*, were ſo many Prieſts and Levites, as well as the five Captains who commanded them. It was not indeed fitting, ſay thoſe Interpreters, that any profane Perſon ſhould be concerned in it; but all ought to be Holy, who were employed about ſo Holy an Action: Not only the maintaining the Sceptre in the Houſe of *David* depended on it, but even the very Being of that Family, from which the *Meſſiah* was to deſcend. *For that* Meſſiah *ſo often promiſed as the Son of* Abraham, *was likewiſe to be the Son of* David, *and of all the Kings of* Judah. On which Account, the † Illuſtrious and Learned Prelate, of whom I borrowed thoſe Words, ſtiles *Joaſh*, *The Precious Remains of the Houſe of* David. *Joſephus* ſpeaks of him after the ſame manner: And the Scripture ſays expreſly, "That God did not utterly root out the Houſe of "*Jehoram*, becauſe he wou'd preſerve that Lamp "to *David*, which he had promiſed him. Now what can this Lamp mean, but that Light which was one Day to be revealed to the Gentiles?

Hiſtory has not mark'd the Day on which *Joaſh* was proclaimed. Some Interpreters contend, that it was on a Feſtival. I have choſen that of *Pentecoſt*, which was one of the three grand Feſtivals of the *Jews*. They celebrated on it the Memory of the Publication of the Law from Mount *Sinai*, and alſo offered to God the firſt Loaves of the new Harveſt. On which Ac-

† *The Biſhop of Meaux.*

count

count, it was likewiſe called, *The Feaſt of firſt Fruits*. I thought thoſe Circumſtances wou'd furniſh me with ſome Variety for the Songs of the *Chorus*.

The *Chorus* conſiſts of young Virgins of the Tribe of *Levi*; and I place at the Head of it one whom I call Siſter to *Zachary*. She it is who introduces the *Chorus* to her Mother, ſings with it, ſpeaks for it, and in ſhort performs the Office of that Perſon in the ancient *Chorus*, who was called *Coryphæus*. I have likewiſe endeavoured to imitate that *Continuity of Action* obſerved by the Ancients, whereby their Stage was kept from being ever empty; the Intervals of Acts being only mark'd by the Hymns and Moralities of the *Chorus*, which refer to what paſſes.

I may perhaps be thought ſomewhat bold in venturing to bring upon the Stage a Prophet, inſpired by God, who foretels Futurities. But I have been particularly careful to put no Expreſſions in his Mouth beſides what are taken from the Prophets themſelves. Though the Scripture does not expreſly aſſert of *Jehoiada*, as it does of his Son, that he was endued with the Gift of Prophecy, yet he is repreſented in it as a Man full of the Spirit of God. Beſides, does it not appear from the Goſpel, that he might propheſy in quality of High Prieſt? I therefore ſuppoſe him to ſee in Spirit the fatal Change of *Joaſh*, who, after a very pious Reign of thirty Years, abandoned himſelf to the evil Counſels of Flatterers, and polluted his Hands by the Murder of *Zachary*, the Son and Succeſſor of that High Prieſt. This Murder, committed in the Temple, was one of the chief Cauſes of the Wrath of God againſt the whole Nation of the *Jews*, and of all the Misfortunes which afterwards befel them. It is even pretended, that from that Day for-

ward, the Anſwers of God in the Sanctuary entirely ceaſed. This has given me Opportunity to make *Jehoiada* propheſy, at the ſame time, both the Ruin of the Temple and the Deſtruction of *Jeruſalem*. But as the Prophets commonly mingle Conſolations with Threats; and the Affair depending was the placing one of the Anceſtors of the *Meſſiah* on the Throne, I have taken Occaſion to give a Glimpſe of the coming of that Comforter, whom all the Juſt Men of old panted after. This Scene, which is a kind of Epiſode, very naturally introduces the Muſick, by the Cuſtom among ſeveral Prophets of entering into their holy Ecſtacies to the Sound of Inſtruments. Witneſs that Company of Prophets, who met *Saul* with Tabrets and Harps before them: Witneſs likewiſe *Eliſha* himſelf, who being conſulted by the Kings of *Judah* and *Iſrael* about their Succeſs, made uſe of the ſame Expreſſion as *Jehoiada*, *Adducite mihi Pſalten*, *Bring me a Minſtrel*. Add hereto, that this Prophecy ſerves very much to heighten the Trouble in the Play, by the Conſternation and different Paſſions, which it excites in the *Chorus* and principal Actors.

Drama-

# Dramatis Perſonæ.

## MEN.

*JOASH*, King of *Judah*, the Son of *Ahaziah*.
*JEHOIADA*, High Prieſt.
*ABNER*, one of the principal Officers of the Kings of *Judah*.
*ZACHARY*, the Son of *Jehoiada*.
*AZARIAS*, } Chiefs of the Prieſts and
*ISHMAEL*, &c. } Levites.
*MATHAN*, Prieſt of *Baal*.
*NABAL*, Confident of *Mathan*.
*Troops of Prieſts and Levites.*

## WOMEN.

*ATHALIAH*, Queen of *Judah*, Widow of *Jehoram*, and Grandmother to *Joaſh*.
*JEHOSHEBA*, Aunt of *Joaſh*, and Wife of *Jehoiada*.
*AGAR*, one of *Athaliah*'s Women.
*SALOMITH*, Siſter of *Zachary*.
The Nurſe of *Joaſh*.
Chorus *of young Virgins of the Tribe of* Levi.
*Attendants on* Athaliah.

SCENE, *the Temple at* Jeruſalem, *in a Court adjoining to the High Prieſt's Apartment.*

*ATHA-*

# ATHALIAH.

## ACT I. SCENE I.

### *JEHOIADA, ABNER.*

*ABNER.*

I Come t' adore th' Eternal in his Temple;
I come, according to our ancient Rites,
To celebrate with Thee this glorious Day,
When from Mount *Sinai*'s Height, the Laws Divine
Were to our Sires with ſolemn Pomp deliver'd.
How alter'd are the Times! For heretofore,
No ſooner did the Trumpet's ſacred Sound
Proclaim the Dawn of this illuſtrious Day,
But the wide Courts of this diſtinguiſh'd Temple,
With gay Feſtoons and chearful Garlands crown'd,
Were fill'd with Crouds of pious Supplicants;
Who all, in order to the Altar led,
Bore in their Hands the Fruits of the new Harveſt,
And with glad Hearts that grateful Tribute offer'd
To the great Lord and Ruler of the World;
Nor were there Prieſts enough to ſacrifice.
But now the Boldneſs of an impious Woman,
Checking the wonted Ardour of the People,
Has chang'd thoſe beauteous Days, to Days of Darkneſs.
Scarce is there left a very little Remnant

Of

Of faithful Worſhippers, who dare maintain
A faint Reſemblance of thoſe happy Times;
The reſt have fatally forgot their God,
Or even kneeling at *Baal*'s crowded Altars,
Learn greedily his horrid Myſteries,
And impiouſly blaſpheme that awful Name,
Which their renown'd Fore-fathers call'd upon.
To open to thee all my ſecret Fears,
I tremble, leſt that cruel *Athaliah*,
Diſcarding all Remains of forc'd Reſpect,
Should tear thee from the Altar, and accompliſh
Her deadly Hatred on thy Sacred Perſon.

*JEHOIADA.*

Whence ſprings, on this glad Day, ſo black a Thought?

*ABNER.*

Doſt thou believe, thou canſt be juſt and holy,
And paſs unpuniſh'd?
Long has the Queen beheld with ſecret Envy
That Steadineſs of Mind and dauntleſs Courage,
Which adds to thy *Tiara* double Luſtre;
Long has thy Zeal been look'd upon as Treaſon.
Jealous and fearful of diſtinguiſh'd Merit,
She hates none worſe than thy Illuſtrious Conſort.
As great *Jehoiada* ſucceeds to *Aaron*,
So is *Jehoſheba* the laſt King's Siſter.
*Mathan* the Prieſt, accurs'd Apoſtate *Mathan!*
More wicked than the Queen, is always with her;
*Mathan*, the baſe Deſerter of our Altars,
And Foe profeſt to every ſhining Virtue!
'Tis not enough, that with a foreign Cenſer
That Levite miniſters to Idol-Gods;
This Temple is the Object of his Envy;
He wou'd the Worſhip of that Power aboliſh,
Whom he has ſacrilegiouſly abjur'd.
He leaves no Art untry'd to ruin thee;
Sometimes he blames, and often will commend thee.
Hiding the Gall of his envenom'd Malice,
Beneath the Veil of an affected Kindneſs,

One

One while he whiſpers to the Queen, thou'rt dangerous;
Then ſubtly wou'd ſuggeſt, that ample Treaſures,
In ancient Times collected by King *David*,
Are in ſome ſecret Place by thee conceal'd.
In ſhort, for two Days paſt, has *Athaliah*
Yielded herſelf a Prey to ſullen Sorrow.
I watch'd her yeſterday, and ſaw her caſt
A low'ring Look upon this ſacred Temple,
As if ſhe thought, Heav'n had conceal'd within it
One arm'd to execute his Wrath upon her!
Truſt me, *Jehoiada*, the more I weigh it,
The more I am convinc'd, her Anger ſoon
Will like a raging Tempeſt burſt upon thee;
And bloody *Jezebel*'s more bloody Daughter
Will ſtrike at Heav'n, ev'n in the Sanctuary.

*JEHOIADA.*

The Power, which curbs the proudly-ſwollen Waves,
Can alſo blaſt the Plottings of the Wicked:
Humbly reſign'd to his moſt holy Will,
*Abner*, 'tis God I fear, and Nought beſide him.
Yet am I bound to thank that friendly Zeal,
Which makes thee watchful to preſerve my Life.
I ſee, Injuſtice vexes thee in private;
And that thou'rt ſtill, in Heart, an *Iſraelite*.
Thanks be to Heav'n! But wilt thou be content
With ſuch Tame Anger and ſuch Slothful Virtue?
Can Faith, which does not act, be thought ſincere?
For eight long Years has a bold impious Stranger
Uſurp'd the ſacred Rights of *David*'s Sceptre;
Unpuniſh'd drench'd herſelf in Royal Blood,
Purſu'd with dire Revenge her own Son's Children,
And lifted againſt God her treacherous Arm!
Yet thou, one of this tottering State's Supports,
Train'd in the Camp of good *Jehoſhaphat*,
Who led'ſt our Hoaſt beneath his Son *Jehoram*,
And by thy Preſence chear'd our trembling Cities,
When, on the ſudden Fall of *Ahaziah*,

His

His daſtard Bands diſpers'd at ſight of *Jehu*;
Canſt thou content thyſelf with barely ſaying,
I honour God, and reverence his Truth?
Hear how that awful God by me replies;
To what avail thy empty Boaſts of Zeal?
Think'ſt thou to honour Me by barren Vows?
What Fruit have I from all your Sacrifices?
Delight I in the Blood of Goats or Bullocks?
Your ſlaughter'd Princes Blood for Vengeance crys,
For Vengeance crys aloud, and is not heard!
Break off, break off all Commerce with Prophaneneſs;
Root out Idolatry from *Jacob*'s Offspring;
And then return, and offer up your Victims.

*ABNER.*

What can I do with this diſhearten'd People?
*Judah* is plung'd in Vice, *Benjamin* weak.
The Day, which ſaw the Royal Race extinguiſh'd,
Extinguiſh'd all their ancient Martial Ardour.
The Lord himſelf, ſay they, has caſt us off;
He heretofore was jealous of our Honour,
But now he ſees his Servants trodden down,
With an unpitying and a careleſs Eye!
His former Mercies are for ever fled!
His dreaded Arm no longer we behold
Outſtretch'd in our Behalf, t' amaze the Nations
With Prodigies and Wonders numberleſs!
The Prophets fail; the ſacred Ark is dumb!

*JEHOIADA.*

And in what Times were Miracles ſo frequent?
Or when did Heav'n vouchſafe ſuch glaring Signs?
Ungrateful People! will you then for Ever
Cloſe wilfully your Eyes, and not behold?
For Ever, ſhall the moſt prodigious Wonders
Paſs unobſerv'd, and not affect your Hearts?
Muſt I then, *Abner*, call to thy Remembrance
The Prophecies accompliſh'd in our Days?
How *Iſrael*'s Tyrants have been overthrown,
And God found juſt in all his Denunciations?

How *Ahab* fell, and ſprinkled with his Blood
The Field, which he by Murder had uſurp'd;
And *Jezebel*, near the ſame fatal Field,
Was ſlain, and trodden to the Earth by Horſes,
While rav'nous Dogs lick'd up her ſtreaming Blood,
And with wild Rage devour'd her mangled Carcaſs?
How *Baal*'s large Tribe of Prieſts were all confounded,
And Fire from Heav'n deſcended on the Altar?
How th' Elements obey'd *Elias*' Will,
And, at his Word, the Heav'ns became like Braſs,
And for three Years nor Rain nor Dews diſtill'd?
Or how *Eliſha*'s Voice reviv'd the Dead?
*Abner*, then learn from theſe bright Inſtances,
That God is ſtill the ſame, he ever was;
At proper Times he'll manifeſt his Glory,
And never is forgetful of his People.

*ABNER.*

But where, alas! are all thoſe flatt'ring Honours,
*David* and *Solomon* ſo oft were promis'd?
We vainly hop'd, that from their happy Stem
A num'rous Race of Princes ſhou'd have ſprung;
That one of them his Conqueſts ſhou'd extend
O'er every Tribe and every diſtant Nation;
Thro' the wide World make War and Diſcord ceaſe,
And proſtrate at his Feet all Kings behold.

*JEHOIADA.*

Why truſt you not the Promiſes of Heaven?

*ABNER.*

Where ſhall we ſeek that King, the Son of *David*?
Can Heav'n it ſelf repair the fatal Ruins
Of this fall'n Tree, whoſe Root is quite exhauſted?
Ev'n in the Cradle, *Athaliah* ſtrangled
The tender Babe, our laſt ſurviving Hope!
After eight Years Interrment, can the Dead
From the dark Chambers of the Grave ariſe?
Oh! had ſhe in her Fury been miſtaken;
Did of the Royal Blood one Drop remain——

JEHOIADA.

What wou'd'ſt thou then attempt?

ABNER.

O joyful Day!
With how great Tranſport wou'd I own my King!
Doubt'ſt thou, that at his Feet our thronging Tribes——
But why am I amus'd with theſe vain Thoughts?
The laſt Remains of thoſe triumphant Kings
Were *Ahaziah* and his hapleſs Sons:
I ſaw the Sire transfix'd by *Jehu*'s Darts;
Thou ſaw'ſt the Sons ſlaughter'd by *Athaliah!*

JEHOIADA.

I muſt be brief at preſent. But when the Sun
Has meaſur'd out three Stages of his Race,
And the third Hour invites to publick Prayers,
Hither return with the ſame lively Zeal.
Our God will by important Bleſſings prove,
That Stedfaſt is his Word, and never fails.
Meanwhile depart; I muſt prepare myſelf
To celebrate this glorious Feſtival.
And, ſee! the Dawn of Day already whitens
The Spiry Turrets of the Temple.

ABNER.

What can be meant by thoſe important Bleſſings! [*Aſide.*
The bright *Jehoſheba* advances tow'rds thee.
I'll to that faithful Tribe go join myſelf,
Whom this Day's ſolemn Pomp has call'd together.
[*Exit* Abner.

---

## SCENE II.

JEHOIADA, JEHOSHEBA.

JEHOIADA.

PRinceſs, 'tis time for us at length to ſpeak;
Thy happy Theft can be no longer hid.
The Enemies of God, grown inſolent,
From our continu'd Silence take Occaſion,

To

To charge his faithful Promiſes with Error.
What do I ſay? Encourag'd by Succeſs,
The Impious Queen deſigns, ev'n on our Altar,
To offer up to *Baal* deteſted Incenſe.
Let us produce that Prince, whom you preſerv'd,
And educated in the holy Temple,
Beneath the foſt'ring Wing of the Moſt High.
The Courage of our Kings he ſhall inherit:
His Senſe ev'n now ſurpaſſes far his Years.
But, ere my Voice proclaim his Dignity,
I'll to that Pow'r, by whom Kings reign, preſent him;
Then ſummoning our num'rous Prieſts and Levites,
I'll to them ſhew the rightful Heir of *David*.

*JEHOSHEBA.*

Knows he as yet his Name and noble Lot?

*JEHOIADA.*

He knows no Name beſide *Eliacin*,
And thinks himſelf ſome miſerable Orphan,
Whom I have in Compaſſion educated.

*JEHOSHEBA.*

Alas! from how great Dangers did I ſave him!
And into how great Dangers is he plunging!

*JEHOIADA.*

Begins thy Faith to faint and ſink already?

*JEHOSHEBA.*

My Lord, I yield myſelf to thy wiſe Counſels.
From that bleſt Hour, when firſt I ſav'd his Life,
To thy kind Care the tender Babe I truſted.
Dreading th' Exceſs of my tranſporting Love,
As much as poſſible I ſhun his Preſence,
Leſt when I gaze upon the ſmiling Boy,
The Violence of ſome unguarded Anguiſh
Shou'd make me in my Grief betray the Secret.
Beſides, for three whole Days and three whole Nights,
I've giv'n my ſelf to Watchings, Pray'rs and Tears.
May I now ask, what Friends will ſecond thee?
Will the brave *Abner* come to our Defence?
Has He engag'd by Oath to aid his King?

*JEHOIADA.*

Tho' we may ſafely truſt in *Abner*'s Faith,
He yet is ignorant we have a King.

*JEHOSHEBA.*

To whom wilt thou commit the Guard of *Joaſh*?
Shall *Obed*, or ſhall *Amnon* ſhare that Honour?
The Favours by my Father heap'd upon 'em——

*JEHOIADA.*

They Both have ſold themſelves to *Athaliah*!

*JEHOSHEBA.*

Whom wilt thou then oppoſe againſt her Army?

*JEHOIADA.*

Have I not told thee? Our Prieſts and Levites.

*JEHOSHEBA,*

I know, that ſecretly by Thee aſſembled,
The wonted Number has been lately doubled;
That loving Thee, and hateful of the Queen,
They by a ſolemn Oath have ſworn t' obey
The ſacred Son of *David* when reveal'd.
But with what Fire ſoe'er their Breaſts may burn,
Can they alone revenge their Prince's Quarrel?
Can ſimple Zeal effect ſo great a Work?
Doubt'ſt thou, that *Athaliah*, when ſhe hears,
That *Ahaziah*'s Son is here conceal'd,
Her barbarous foreign Bands will ſtrait aſſemble,
Surround the Temple, and break down its Gates?
Will then thy holy Miniſters reſiſt 'em,
Who lifting to the Lord their helpleſs Hands,
Can only groan and deprecate our Crimes,
Nor other Blood have ſpill'd than that of Victims?
*Joaſh* perhaps, transfix'd with deadly Wounds,
Shall fainting in their Arms——

*JEHOIADA.*

And count'ſt thou God,
Who battels in our righteous Cauſe, as Nothing?
That God, who aids the Innocence of Orphans,
And loves to manifeſt his Pow'r in Weakneſs;

That

That God, who Tyrants hates, and has pronounc'd
A ſolemn and unalterable Oath,
To root out *Ahab* and his impious Race;
Who ſmote his Daughter's Husband, King *Jehoram*,
And to his Son purſu'd his ſworn Revenge;
Whoſe Wrath, tho' for a while it ſeem to ſleep,
At laſt will utterly exterminate
The vile Remains of this curs'd Family!

*JEHOSHEBA.*

'Tis this Severity, which makes me dread
The Fate of my unhappy Brother's Son.
Who knows, but that this Child was for their Crimes
Ev'n from his Birth condemn'd to Puniſhment?
Or whether God will, out of Love to *David*,
Diſtinguiſh Him from this Rebellious Race,
And crown the blooming Boy with wonted Favours?
Alas! the ghaſtly State in which I found him,
Is ever preſent to my Memory.
The ſpacious Room was fill'd with ſlaughter'd Princes.
The Queen, with a drawn Dagger in her hand,
Urg'd on her Soldiers to the bloody Carnage,
And follow'd where thoſe Murderers led the Way.
I caſt mine Eye on *Joaſh* left for dead:
Methinks I ſtill behold his frighted Nurſe,
Who vainly threw herſelf before thoſe Butchers,
And preſs'd him fainting to her throbbing Breaſt!
I took him bath'd in Blood: My trickling Tears
Bedew'd his Cheeks, and brought him back to Life;
And either ſtill afraid, or to careſs me,
He clung cloſe to me with his tender Arms.
Good God! let not my Love prove fatal to him.
Of faithful *David* he's the ſole Remains.
Train'd in thy Houſe, with Reverence to thy Laws,
He yet no Father knows, but Thee alone.
If when we march t'attack this cruel Queen,
My Faith ſhou'd ſhrink at Proſpect of the Danger;
If Fleſh and Blood ſhou'd claim too great a Share
Of theſe ſad Tears, which for him largely flow,

Preſerve the Heir of thy Sure Promiſes,
And for my Weakneſs puniſh me alone.

JEHOIADA.

*Jehoſheba*, thy Tears are innocent,
But God expects we ſhou'd confide in Him,
And reſt ourſelves on His paternal Care.
He does not with a blinded Rage revenge
The Father's Crimes upon a pious Son.
The Remnant of the faithful *Iſraelites*
Will come to-day, and all renew their Vows.
As much as *David*'s Off-ſpring is belov'd,
No leſs is cruel *Athaliah* hated.
*Joaſh*, by his ſweet Mien and noble Modeſty,
Where ſeems to ſhine the Splendor of his Race,
Will move the People, and attract their Hearts:
And God himſelf will vindicate our Cauſe,
And in his Temple fire their panting Breaſts.
Two faithleſs Kings have each inſulted him;
'Tis fit a Prince ſhou'd to the Throne be rais'd,
Who may one Day remember, on that Seat
God plac'd him by the Hands of his own Prieſts,
By their Hands ſav'd him from the gloomy Grave,
And with freſh Oyl fill'd *David*'s dying Lamp.
Great God! if thou foreſeeſt he will forſake
The righteous Paths which pious *David* trod in,
Untimely let him periſh in his Youth,
Like a fair Flow'r, by blighting Mildews blaſted!
But if he ſhall obey thy juſt Commands,
And prove ſubſervient to thy wiſe Deſigns,
Beſtow the Scepter on the rightful Heir!
Give up his pow'rful Foes to my weak Hands,
And blaſt the Counſels of a barbarous Queen.
Pour forth, my God, on Her and on her Prieſt,
That dark'ning and infatuating Spirit,
Which conſtantly foreruns the Fall of Kings!
Time ſummons me. Farewel — Your Son and Daughter,
Hither conduct the Choir of blooming Virgins. [*Exit.*

SCENE

## SCENE III.

### JEHOSHEBA, ZACHARY, SALOMITH, CHORUS.

JEHOSHEBA.

DEar *Zachary* depart: Attend thy Father.
Daughters of *Levi*, Hail! Hail youthful Choir,
Whom God already with his Zeal inflames;
Who come ſo often to aſſwage my Sorrows,
And are the only Solace of my Troubles.
Thoſe flow'ry Garlands on your ſhining Foreheads,
Did heretofore become our pompous Feaſts;
But now, alas! what Offering better ſuits
Diſgrace and Grief, than that of flowing Tears!
But, hark! I hear the ſacred Trumpet ſound;
And ſtrait the Temple-Gates will be unbarr'd.
While I within prepare myſelf to march,
Sing, and extol the God ye come to ſeek.

[*Exit* Jehoſheba.

## SCENE IV.

### THE CHORUS.

CHORUS *Sings.*

WIth laviſh Hand, his Bounties He
Diffuſes all around,
Let all adore his Deity,
His endleſs Praiſe reſound.
Ere unborn Time had yet a Name,
He was eternal King:
Let us his Benefits proclaim,
His boundleſs Glories ſing.

Preſerve the Heir of thy Sure Promiſes,
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Let us his Benefits proclaim,
His boundleſs Glories ſing.

*SINGLE VOICE.*

In vain by Violence they ſtrive
To ſtop the Mouths which praiſe the Lord;
His honour'd Name ſhall ever live;
And conſtant Themes of Praiſe afford.
Each Day is with freſh Favours crown'd;
He ſcatters Bleſſings all around;
Let us his endleſs Praiſe reſound.

*CHORUS.*

He ſcatters Bleſſings all around;
Let us his endleſs Praiſe reſound.

*SINGLE VOICE.*

He gives to Flow'rs their lovely Hues,
And ſheds upon 'em pearly Dews.
The Fruits ſpring forth by his Command,
And ripen on the fertile Land.
He to them meaſures out aright
The Heat by Day, the Cold by Night.
What it receives, the grateful Field
Does with abundant Intereſt yield.

*SINGLE VOICE.*

He bids th' obedient Sun to ſhine,
And gilds with Light the Realms above:
But his indulgent Laws Divine
Are the beſt Pledges of his Love.

*SINGLE VOICE.*

Mount *Sinai*, remember this Day,
Its Renown for ever diſplay,
When on thy burning Height,
The Lord, in thick Darkneſs conceal'd,
A Ray of his Glory reveal'd
To feeble mortal Sight!
Tell us, what meant that dreadful Glare
Of dazling Brightneſs in the Air?
Thoſe Trumpets and thoſe Peals of Thunder?
Came He to reſtore again
Chaos to his ancient Reign,
And rend the trembling Earth aſunder?

*ANOTHER.*

ANOTHER.

He came, to *Jacob's* Sons to ſhow
That Law, whence Joys eternal flow:
He came, to teach them from above,
To love him with immortal Love!

CHORUS.

O gracious Law! O Law divine!
Where Truth and Mercy jointly ſhine:
What Proofs of Love profuſe, to bind
In ſtricteſt Tyes th' inamour'd Mind!

SINGLE VOICE.

He ſav'd our Sires from *Pharoah's* Yoke,
And, when they call'd, their Fetters broke:
The ſame He in the Deſart fed
With Manna, Heav'n's delicious Bread.
His righteous Laws to Us He gives,
To guide in Peace our erring Lives;
On Us his very Self beſtows,
To guard us from our pow'rful Foes;
Yet no Return for this does aſk
But Love; and That's a pleaſant Taſk!

CHORUS.

O gracious Law! O Law divine!
Where Truth and Mercy jointly ſhine:
What Proofs of Love profuſe, to bind
In ſtricteſt Tyes th' inamour'd Mind!

SINGLE VOICE.

He thro' the Sea a Paſſage made,
The parting Waves his Will obey'd:
At his Command, the Waters broke
In copious Streams from the hard Rock.
Ungrateful! whoſe ſear'd Hearts obey
Nought but a Tyrant's ſavage Sway;
Your Breaſts, why cannot Kindneſs move?
Is it ſo hard a Taſk to love?
Th' unhappy Slave a Tyrant fears;
The Son his Sire from Love reveres.

CHORUS.

O gracious Law! O Law divine!
Where Truth and Mercy jointly shine:
What Proofs of Love profuse, to bind
In strictest Tyes th' inamour'd Mind!

## ACT II. SCENE I.

SALOMITH, JEHOSHEBA, CHORUS.

JEHOSHEBA.

Enough, my Daughters: Suspend your Harmony.
'Tis time t'apply our selves to publick Pray'rs.
Let us go celebrate this glorious Day,
And, in our Turn, appear before the Lord.

---

## SCENE II.

ZACHARY, JEHOSHEBA, SALOMITH, CHORUS.

JEHOSHEBA.

What do I see? My Son, what Tidings bring'st thou?
Whither so fast, all pale and out of Breath?

ZACHARY.

O my Mother!

JEHOSHEBA.

Alas! what says my Son?

ZACHARY.

The Temple is profan'd.

JEHOSHEBA.

What do I hear?

ZACHARY.

ZACHARY.

And th' Altar of the Lord abandon'd.

JEHOSHEBA.

I ſhake with Fear; make Haſte to clear my Doubts.

ZACHARY.

My Father, as the Law directs, already
Had offer'd to the Pow'r, who feeds Mankind,
The new-made Loaves of the ſucceſsful Harveſt;
And now preſented in his hallow'd Hands
The ſmoaking Entrails of th' atoning Victims.
By him ſtood young *Eliacin* and I,
And miniſter'd in flowing Veſts of Linnen;
Mean-while the Prieſts with conſecrated Blood
Sprinkled around the Altar and th' Aſſembly.
All ſuddenly a Noiſe confus'd ariſing,
Attracts th' aſtoniſh'd People's Eyes and Soul.
A Woman —— Is it not Blaſphemy to name her?
A Woman —— 'Twas even *Athaliah!*

JEHOSHEBA.

O Heav'ns!

ZACHARY.

This daring Woman, with a haughty Air,
Enters a Court reſerv'd for Men alone.
And ev'n prepar'd to paſs the ſacred Limits
Of that dread Place, open to *Levites* only.
The People, full of Terror, fled away.
My Father —— How did his Face with Anger glow!
*Moſes* appear'd leſs terrible to *Pharaoh*:
O Queen, ſaid he, forſake this holy Ground,
From whence thy Worſhip and thy Sex debar thee:
What! com'ſt thou here t' inſult the living God?
The Queen then viewing him with wrathful Eyes,
Open'd her Mouth, preparing to blaſpheme.
I know not, if the Angel of the Lord
Unveil'd himſelf, and ſhew'd his ſparkling Sword,
But ſtrait her faultering Tongue was ty'd with Terror,
And all her former Boldneſs was abaſh'd:
Her Eyes were fix'd upon *Eliacin*,

And, at the Sight of Him, ſhe ſeem'd aſtoniſh'd.

JEHOSHEBA.

Did then *Eliacin* appear before her?

ZACHARY.

We both beheld the cruel *Athaliah*,
And with an equal Horror were affected;
But ſoon the Prieſts caſt over us a Veil,
And forc'd us to depart. I know no more;
And come to ſignify this ſad Diſorder.

JEHOSHEBA.

No doubt ſhe comes to tear him from our Arms!
It muſt be He, ſhe ſeeks ev'n at the Altar:
And the dear Object of ſo many Tears
Ev'n now perhaps——
O God, be mindful of thy Servant *David!*

SALOMITH.

Who is that Object of thy flowing Tears?

ZACHARY.

Can innocent *Eliacin* be threaten'd?

SALOMITH.

Can he deſerve the Anger of the Queen?

ZACHARY.

What can be fear'd from a poor helpleſs Orphan!

JEHOSHEBA.

See where ſhe comes — Depart — We muſt avoid her.

[*Exeunt,*

---

## SCENE III.

*ATHALIAH, AGAR, ABNER, Attendants upon* ATHALIAH.

AGAR.

MAdam, why will you ſtay within this Place,
Where ev'ry thing you view, provokes your Wrath?
Reſign this Temple to its native Prieſts:
Quit this tumultuous Crowd; and, in your Palace,
Allow your ruffled Mind its wonted Calm.

ATHALIAH.

ATHALIAH.

It will not be! Thou ſeeſt my deep Diſtreſs.
Bid *Mathan* hither haſte without Delay.
Happy, if by his Aid I may obtain
That Peace I ſeek, which mocks my vain Purſuit,
[*She ſits down.*

---

## SCENE IV.

*ATHALIAH, ABNER*, &c.

ABNER.

PErmit me to excuſe *Jehoiada*.
You ought not to reſent his fervent Zeal,
Injoin'd ev'n by the Precepts of our God,
Who plann'd himſelf his Temple and his Altar,
And gave in Charge to *Aaron*'s Sons alone
To offer up th' appointed Sacrifices:
He mark'd their Place and Functions to the *Levites*,
Strictly prohibiting their Progeny,
All Fellowſhip with any other God.
Can'ſt thou, the Wife and Mother of our Kings,
Be ſtill ſo utterly a Stranger to us?
Haſt thou not heard our Laws? Or muſt we now——
But ſee! thy *Mathan* comes. I leave thee with him.

ATHALIAH.

Your Preſence, *Abner*, will be needful here.
Forget we now *Jehoiada*'s mad Zeal,
With the long Roll of ſuperſtitious Rites,
Which bar your Temple-Gates to foreign Nations.
A weightier Care excites my preſent Fears.
I know, that from his Youth train'd up in Arms,
*Abner* is Brave and Juſt, and pays at once
That which he owes to God and to his Prince.
Remain.

SCENE

## SCENE V.

*MATHAN, ATHALIAH, ABNER,* &c.

*MATHAN.*

GReat Queen, is this thy Place of Worship?
What idle Terror shakes thy anxious Breast?
What com'st thou to enquire among thy Foes?
How dar'st thou enter this polluted Temple?
Hast thou thrown off that mortal Hatred——

*ATHALIAH.*

*Abner* and *Mathan*, attend to what I say:
I will not what is pass'd, recal to Mind,
Nor give you Reasons for the Blood I spilt.
What I have done, *Abner*, I thought my Duty.
I do not make the stupid Crowd my Judges.
Whate'er their Insolence has rashly publish'd,
The Gods themselves have vouch'd my Innocence.
My growing Pow'r, on sure Success establish'd,
To both the Seas has spread my dreaded Name.
By Me this City tastes the Sweets of Peace,
And *Jordan* sees no more the wand'ring *Arab*,
Nor the bold Bands of insolent *Philistines*,
Lay waste his Borders with perpetual Rapines,
As when your Kings did *Judah*'s Scepter sway.
The *Syrian* treats me both as Queen and Sister:
And the perfidious Spoiler of my House,
Who boasted that his Rage shou'd reach ev'n Me,
*Jehu*, the haughty *Jehu* trembles in *Samaria*.
Attack'd on ev'ry side by a brave Prince,
Whom I found means t' excite against that Traytor,
He leaves me Sovereign Mistress in these Parts.
I undisturb'd enjoy the kindly Fruits
Of my Discretion and my prudent Counsels.
But a corroding Care, for some Days past,
Has stopt the Flow of my Felicities.
A Dream (yet why should I regard a Dream?)
Excites within my Breast a deep Concern,

Which

Which cankers there, and preys upon my Heart.
I ſtrive to ſhun, it every where purſues me.
'Twas in the Dead of Night, when Horror reigns,
My Mother *Jezebel* appear'd before me,
Richly adorn'd, as on the Day ſhe died.
Her Sorrows had not damp'd her noble Pride;
She even ſtill retain'd that borrow'd Luſtre,
Which ſhe was wont to ſpread upon her Cheeks,
To make Amends for the Decays of Time.
" Tremble, ſaid ſhe, O Daughter worthy of me!
" The *Hebrews* cruel God prevails againſt thee;
" I grieve, that into his tremendous Hands,
" My Daughter, thou muſt fall." As ſhe concluded
Theſe Words ſo full of Horror, her Shadow ſeem'd
Forward to bend, and bow upon my Bed.
I ſtretch'd out haſtily my Arms to meet her,
But Nothing caught beſide a dreadful Heap
Of Bones, and mangled Fleſh bedawb'd with Mire,
Garments all dy'd with Blood, and ſhatter'd Limbs,
Which greedy Dogs did eagerly contend for.

*ABNER.*

Good God!

*ATHALIAH.*

In this Diſorder, a young Child
Is offer'd to my View in ſplendid Robes,
Such as the *Hebrew* Prieſts are wont to wear.
The Sight of him reviv'd my ſinking Spirits;
But whilſt, recovering from my tranſient Fright,
I view'd, with riſing Joy and ſilent Tranſport,
His noble Mien, his ſweet and graceful Carriage,
I felt a treacherous Dagger pierce my Heart,
Plung'd to the Hilt by this baſe Traytor's Hand.
The wild Aſſemblage of ſuch various Objects,
To you, perhaps, appears the Work of Chance:
Myſelf a-while, diſdainful of my Fear,
Believ'd it ſprung from melancholy Fumes:
But with this dreadful Thought my Soul poſſeſs'd,
Has twice beheld in Sleep the ſame dire Image;

Twice

Twice have I ſeen this Viſionary Child,
Ready to ſtab me with a fatal Poniard.
Wearied at length with theſe purſuing Horrors,
I went to beg of *Baal* to guard my Life,
And at his Altar's Foot to ſeek Repoſe.
What cannot Fear effect on human Minds!
An Inſtinct drove me to the *Hebrews* Temple;
I cheriſh'd Hopes to pacifie their God;
I thought that Preſents might ſubdue his Wrath,
And make him mild, and readier to relent.
O Prieſt of *Baal*, forgive my Coward Weakneſs!
I come —— The People fly —— Th' Oblations ceaſe.
*Jehoiada* with Rage advances tow'rds me.
While he accoſted me, O ſtartling Terror!
I ſaw that very Child, with which I'm threaten'd,
Such as my Dream deſcrib'd him to my Thought.
I ſaw him; his very Air, his Linnen Garb,
His Gait, his Eyes, in ſhort his every Feature!
It muſt be He —— By the High Prieſt he walk'd;
But from my Sight he quickly was convey'd.
You ſee what Trouble brings and keeps me here.
Now I wou'd know th' Opinions of you both.
Say, *Mathan*, what imports this Prodigy?

*MATHAN.*

It ſeems to Me of dreadful Conſequence.

*ATHALIAH.*

But *Abner* tell, who is this fatal Child?
Of what Deſcent and Tribe? Thou didſt behold him.

*ABNER.*

Two Children at the Altar miniſter'd:
To one of them *Jehoiada* is Father;
I know not t'other.

*MATHAN.*

What need of Conſultation?
Madam, 'tis fit you ſhou'd ſecure them both.
You are no Stranger to the Tenderneſs,
And kind Regard I bear *Jehoida*.
You know, I ſeek not to revenge my Wrongs;

That

That Equity preſides o'er all my Counſels.
But were he his own Son, he wou'd not ſure
Deſire to ſave the Guilty for a Moment.

*ABNER.*

Of what Offence can a young Child be guilty?

*MATHAN.*

Heaven ſhews him to us graſping a drawn Dagger.
The Gods are juſt, and Heaven does Nought in vain.
What wou'd'ſt thou more?

*ABNER.*

But on the Credit of a Dream,
Wou'dſt thou deſtroy a blooming Infant's Life?
Thou know'ſt not yet from whom he is deſcended,
Nor who he is.

*MATHAN.*

We fear him: That's enough.
Suppoſe him born of noble Parentage,
The Splendor of his Birth pleads his Deſtruction:
But if he ſprung among the worthleſs Vulgar,
What Matter if baſe Blood be ſpilt at Random.
'Tis not for Kings t' obſerve ſuch tardy Juſtice.
Their Safety oft depends on ſpeedy Deaths.
Let us not clog them with a needleſs Care;
For He, whom they ſuſpect, cannot be Guiltleſs.

*ABNER.*

*Mathan*, is this the Language of a Prieſt?
I, train'd to Arms, to Horrors and to Death,
Accuſtom'd to diſpenſe the Wrath of Kings,
'Tis I, who give my Voice for the Unhappy:
Whilſt Thou, the Miniſter of healing Peace,
Whoſe Duty 'tis to intercede for Mercy,
To plead the Cauſe of the Diſtreſt and Helpleſs,
And to them bear the Bowels of a Father,
Cov'ring thy Vengeance with the Cloak of Zeal,
Blood cannot flow ſo faſt, as Thou demand'ſt it.
Madam, you bid me ſpeak without Reſerve.
What ſo great Cauſe then have you for your Fear?
A feeble Child, whoſe Likeneſs, you imagine,

(Falſely

(Falsely perhaps) surpriz'd you in a Dream.

*ATHALIAH.*

I will believe it, *Abner*. I might mistake.
An idle Dream, it may be, too much biass'd me.
I must more narrowly behold this Child,
And leisurely examine all his Features.
Bid them, let both the Boys appear before me.

*ABNER.*

I fear———

*ATHALIAH.*

Will they refuse so slight a Service?
What Reasons cou'd be giv'n for such Denial?
'Twou'd stir up strange Suspicions in my Mind.
Say, I command *Jehosheba* to bring them.
When I think fit, I can assume the Sovereign.
I must inform you, *Abner*, that your Priests
Have Reason to commend my Clemency.
I know the lawless Liberty they take
T' arraign my Conduct, and asperse my Person.
Yet they still live, their Temple still is standing;
But I perceive my Patience is expiring.
Advise *Jehoiada* to curb his Zeal;
And not provoke me by a second Outrage.
Be gone.

## SCENE VI.

*ATHALIAH, MATHAN*, &c.

*MATHAN.*

NOW I may freely speak my Thoughts,
I will in its full Light the Truth display.
O Queen, some dreadful Monster Here is cherish'd.
Expect not, 'till the Storm shall break upon you.
*Abner* met the High Priest at Dawn of Day.
You know his Love to *David*'s Family;
And who can tell, but that this very Boy
May be set up as one of his Descendants,
Whose Son soe'er he be.

ATHALIAH.

My Eyes are open'd;
I now begin to read this Heavenly Omen,
But wou'd have all my Doubts entirely clear'd.
An Infant is unfit to keep a Secret;
Oft' from a Word we ſound a deep Deſign.
*Mathan*, leave me to ſee, and ask him Queſtions.
Mean-while, go bid my faithful *Tyrians* arm,
Without Diſturbance and with Secrecy.

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## SCENE VII.

*JOASH, JEHOSHEBA, ATHALIAH, ZACHARY, ABNER, SALOMITH, TWO LEVITES, CHORUS. &c.*

*JEHOSHEBA to the two Levites.*

YE ſacred Servants of the living God,
Obſerve with ſteady Eye thoſe precious Children.

*ABNER to Jehoſheba.*

Princeſs, be not diſmay'd; I will protect them.

ATHALIAH.

O Heav'ns! the more I view and trace his Features,
The more I am convinc'd, it muſt be He!
My Senſes all are ſtill with Horror ſeiz'd!
Wife of *Jehoiada*, is that thy Son?

JEHOSHEBA.

Which of them, Madam?

ATHALIAH.

This.

JEHOSHEBA.

This is not Mine.
See there my Son.

ATHALIAH.

Who is thy Parent then?
Young Child reply.

JEHOSHEBA.

Heaven hitherto———

ATHALIAH.

Pray, why ſo forward, Madam, to anſwer for him?
I ſpeak to Him.

JEHOSHEBA.

In ſuch a tender Age,
What Light can you expect to gain from Him?

ATHALIAH.

The Innocence and Candor of his Age
Is fitteſt to reveal the naked Truth.
Let him reply to what he ſhall be ask'd.

JEHOSHEBA.

Good God! vouchſafe to guide his guileleſs Tongue. [*Aſide.*

ATHALIAH.

What is thy Name?

JOASH.

My Name's *Eliacim.*

ATHALIAH.

Thy Father?

JOASH.

I'm told, I am an Orphan,
To God entruſted from my very Birth,
And never knew to whom I am related.

ATHALIAH.

Haſt thou no Parents?

JOASH.

They have forſaken me.

ATHALIAH.

How, and ſince when?

JOASH.

Ev'n from my very Birth.

ATHALIAH.

Is it not known, what Country thou belong'ſt to?

JOASH.

This Temple is my Country: I know no other.

ATHALIAH.

What Place, haſt thou been told, thou firſt wert found in?

JOASH.

Among fierce Wolves juſt ready to devour me.

ATHA-

ATHALIAH.

Who put thee in the Temple?

JOASH.

An unknown Woman:
Her Name ſhe told not, nor has ſince been ſeen.

ATHALIAH.

But what kind Hand ſuſtain'd thy tender Years?

JOASH.

Was God e'er known to let his Children want?
He gives to unfledg'd Birds their timely Food.
All Nature ſhares his univerſal Love.
I, every Day, invoke his hallow'd Name;
And, in Return, like an indulgent Father,
He pours upon me Bleſſings from his Altar.

ATHALIAH.

What greater Miracle diſturbs my Breaſt?
The Sweetneſs of his Voice, his Youth and Beauty,
Inſenſibly prevail, and make my Hate——
But ſhall I yield to Sentiments of Pity?

ABNER.

Madam, ſee here your dreadful Enemy!
Th' Illuſion of your Dreams is viſible;
Unleſs that kind Concern which ſeems to move you,
Shou'd prove the fatal Blow, that made you tremble.

ATHALIAH *to Joaſh and Jehoſheba.*

Wou'd ye be gone?

JEHOSHEBA.

Madam, you've heard his Fortune.
His longer Preſence might prove troubleſome.

ATHALIAH.

No—Return—Say, how doſt thou employ thy Time?

JOASH.

I worſhip God. I hear his Law expounded.
I learn to read it in his ſacred Book;
And now begin with my own Hand to copy it.

ATHALIAH.

What ſays that Law?

JOASH.

That God will be rever'd;
That, firſt or laſt, he'll vindicate his Honour; That

That he's a Father to the helpleſs Orphan;
That he reſiſts the Proud, and quells the Murderer.

ATHALIAH.

Enough——But how are all that Crowd employ'd,
Coop'd up within this Place?

JOASH.

In praiſing God!

ATHALIAH.

Does God require uninterrupted Service?

JOASH.

All worldly Work is baniſh'd from his Temple.

ATHALIAH.

What are thy Pleaſures then?

JOASH.

Sometimes, at th' Altar,
To the High Prieſt I give the Salt or Incenſe.
I hear God's great and boundleſs Glories ſung!
I view the pompous Order of his Rites!

ATHALIAH.

Alas! haſt thou no ſweeter Entertainment?
I pity the hard Lot of ſuch a Child.
Come to my Court, and ſhare in all my Splendor.

JOASH.

Shall I forget God's bounteous Goodneſs to me?

ATHALIAH.

No——I will not force thee to forget him.

JOASH.

You do not worſhip him.

ATHALIAH.

Thou ſtill may'ſt ſerve him.

JOASH.

Can I behold another God ador'd?

ATHALIAH.

I ſerve my God, and thou may'ſt ſerve thy own.
They both are powerful Gods.

JOASH.

Mine muſt be fear'd;
He's God alone: Your's, Madam, but an Idol.

ATHA

ATHALIAH.

With Me, Unnumber'd Pleaſures ſhall attend thee.

JOASH.

The Sinners Bliſs rolls like a rapid Torrent.

ATHALIAH.

Who are thoſe Sinners?

JEHOSHEBA.

Madam, Excuſe a Child.

ATHALIAH.

I ſmile to ſee how well You tutor him.
*Eliacin*, I'm charm'd with thy Diſcourſe.
No doubt, thou art the Son of no mean Perſon.
Thou ſeeſt I am a Queen: I have no Heir.
Leave here this Garb; forſake this ſordid Life.
Thou ſhalt with Me in all my Wealth partake,
And at my Table, ſeated by my Side,
As my own Son be richly entertain'd.

JOASH.

Thy Son?

ATHALIAH.

With equal Honours. What! Silent ſtill?

JOASH.

Alas! What Father ſhou'd I leave, and for——

ATHALIAH.

How?

JOASH.

What Mother!

ATHALIAH *to Jehoſheba.*

His Memory is faithful. In all he ſpeaks,
I trace thy Spirit and *Jehoiada's*.
See here how in corrupting ſimple Youth,
You both employ the Calm which I indulge you.
Already you excite their Rage and Hatred:
You mention not My Name without Abhorrence.

JEHOSHEBA.

Can we conceal our loud-tongu'd Sufferings from 'em?
Thro' the wide World they ring: You glory in 'em.

*ATHALIAH.*

Yes; my juſt Rage, of which I ſtill ſhall boaſt,
Has on my Progeny reveng'd my Parents.
Cou'd I behold my Sire and Brother ſlaughter'd,
My Mother from her Palace-top caſt headlong down;
And in one Day, what baleful Sight of Horror!
Twice forty Sons of Kings weltring in Gore,
T'avenge I know not what pretended Prophets,
Whom ſhe had puniſh'd for their Inſolence;
And I, a Heartleſs Queen, a Cruel Daughter,
Slave to a Baſe and Cowardly Compaſſion,
Shou'd not be mov'd by this blind bloody Rage,
Give Blow for Blow, and Death for Death return,
And all the Offspring of your *David* treat,
As hapleſs *Ahab*'s numerous Sons were treated.
I ſhould not now ſit Queen, and reign triumphant,
If ſtifling all the Fondneſs of the Mother,
I had not launch'd the Veins of my Son's Children,
And by that hardy Blow reſtrain'd your Plottings.
The unrelenting Vengeance of your God
Breaks all Alliances between our Houſes.
I hate the Name of *David*; and his Deſcendants,
Tho' ſprung from Me, I look upon as Aliens.

*JEHOSHEBA.*

Thou haſt indeed prevail'd. God judge between us!

*ATHALIAH.*

What is become of all His Prophecies,
On which you have ſo long in vain depended?
Wherefore delays your Vaunted God to give you
The promis'd King, your Hope, your Expectation——
But I return. Farewell. I go content.
I have beheld what I deſir'd to ſee. [*Exit* Athaliah.

*ABNER to Jehoſheba.*

Princeſs, I give thee back th' entruſted Pledge.

SCENE

## SCENE VIII.

*JEHOIADA, JEHOSHEBA, JOASH, ZACHARY, ABNER, SALOMITH, LEVITES, CHORUS.*

*JEHOSHEBA to Jehoiada.*

HEard'ſt thou the Words of this inſulting Queen?

*JEHOIADA.*

I heard each Word, and pity'd thy Affliction.
Theſe Levites and myſelf, had Need requir'd,
Stood all prepar'd to aid, or periſh with thee.

*To Joaſh, embracing him.*

Heav'n guard thy blooming Virtue, my dear Son,
Who haſt ſo nobly witneſs'd to his Truth.
*Abner*, I thank thee for this Generous Service.
Be mindful of the Hour, when I expect thee.
Let Us return, whoſe Pray'rs have been diſturb'd
By this vile Woman, and ourſelves polluted;
And holy Blood ſhall by my Hands be ſprinkled
Ev'n on the Marble Floor touch'd by her Feet. [*Exeunt.*

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## SCENE IX.

THE *CHORUS.*

*SINGLE VOICE.*

WHat Star ſo gaily broke upon our Eyes?
With how great Luſtre does this Infant riſe?
Th' inſulting Stateline ſs of Pride
Is by this dauntleſs Boy defy'd;
Nor lets he Pleaſure's ſoothing Voice
Delude him from his happy Choice.

*SINGLE VOICE.*

Whilſt all to *Athaliah*'s God,
Eager to offer Incenſe run,
An Infant bold proclaims aloud
*Jehovah* to be God alone;
*Elias*-like, the Truth dares tell
Before this ſecond *Jezebel.*

SIN-

*SINGLE VOICE.*

Who will, dear Child, thy ſecret Birth declare?
Art thou deſcended from ſome holy Seer?

*SINGLE VOICE.*

So ſaw we *Samuel* encreaſe
Beneath the Tabernacle's Shade,
Till he the *Hebrews* Judge was made:
May'ſt thou, like him, our Griefs appeaſe!

*SINGLE VOICE.*

Happy the Youth, whom God approves,
And with a Father's Kindneſs loves;
Who makes th' Almighty Sire his Choice,
And early hears his awful Voice!
Far from the wicked World train'd up,
With heav'nly Gifts o'erflows his Cup;
Nor ſhall the Neighbourhood of Vice,
His ſpotleſs Soul to Sin entice.

*CHORUS.*

Happy, thrice happy He, whom from his Youth
The Lord protects, and ſhews his ſacred Truth.

*SINGLE VOICE.*

So ſome fair Lilly, Nature's Pride,
Does in a ſecret Valley grow,
Where blaſting North-Winds never blow,
And flouriſh on a River-ſide.

*CHORUS.*

Happy, thrice happy He, whom from his Youth
The Lord protects, and ſhews his ſacred Truth.

*SINGLE VOICE.*

My God! with what unſtable Feet
Does a young ſpringing Virtue move?
A thouſand Dangers it muſt meet,
And daily Difficulties prove.
How many fierce outragious Foes
The Progreſs of that Soul oppoſe,
Which ſeeks thy Will with pure Intent,
And labours to be innocent?
Where ſhall thy Saints conceal their Heads,
Now Vice the Face of Earth o'erſpreads?

*SIN-*

*SINGLE VOICE.*

O ſacred City of our God,
Where once he made his bleſt Abode,
Say, what Offences haſt thou giv'n,
And how provok'd the Wrath of Heav'n?
*Jeruſalem*, Declare,
How can'ſt thou tamely bear
An impious Stranger ſeated high,
And grac'd with Royal Dignity?

*CHORUS repeats,*

*Jeruſalem*, Declare, *&c.*

*SINGLE VOICE.*

Inſtead of thoſe ſweet rapt'rous Lays,
In which great *David* ſung the Praiſe
Of *Iſrael*'s ever-gracious Lord,
Can *Sion* patiently behold
A Senſeleſs foreign God extoll'd,
And that dread Name blaſphem'd, her Kings ador'd!

*SINGLE VOICE.*

How long, O Lord, how long ſhall the Prophane
Thy Worſhip mock, and take thy Name in vain?
Ev'n in thy Temple they preſume t'affront
The King of Kings, and thy Adorers taunt.
How long, O Lord, how long ſhall the Prophane
Thy Worſhip mock, and take thy Name in vain?

*SINGLE VOICE.*

What avail you, ſay they, your Virtues ſevere?
Th' Embraces of Pleaſures ſo ſweet,
Why will you not eagerly meet,
For your God, in your Cauſe will never appear?

*SINGLE VOICE.*

Since all our Bliſs ſo ſuddenly will fail,
We'll laugh, we'll ſing, (ſay they) and ev'ry Senſe regale;
From Flow'r to Flow'r, from Joy to Joy we'll rove,
Taſte ev'ry Sweet, and ev'ry Pleaſure prove.
Like a fierce Flood, Time ſwiftly rolls away,
And, while we ſpeak, our mould'ring Lives decay;

Then let us ſnatch the preſent paſſing Hour,
And wiſely uſe the Moment in our Pow'r.
Nor will we fondly to the Morrow truſt,
We may, To-morrow, be a Shade and Duſt!

*CHORUS.*

Let Thoſe unhappy Wretches moan,
And with preſaging Anguiſh groan,
For never muſt their blinded Sight
View fair *Jeruſalem*'s Eternal Light.
Us it becomes to ſing,
Whom God indulgently has ſhown
The living Splendors of his Throne,
Us it becomes to ſing,
The Love and Grandeur of our King.

*SINGLE VOICE.*

Of all thoſe ſoothing Pleaſures vain,
In which their ſenſual Souls delight,
What to them will at laſt remain?
No more than of a Golden Dream by Night,
Whoſe Viſionary Form is chas'd by Morning Light.
While with the Lord the Poor ſhall feaſt,
And, in his Preſence, Joys paſt Utt'rance taſte,
The Sinners, when they wake, O direful Thought!
From the full Cup of Wrath ſhall drink a Copious [Draught,
Its bitter Dregs muſt drain,
And, in the Day of Vengeance, ſuffer endleſs Pain!

*CHORUS.*

O Pleaſures deceiving!
O Slumber ſoon leaving!
O Thought full of Terror!
O dangerous Error!

ACT

## ACT III. SCENE I.

*MATHAN, NABAL, CHORUS.*

*MATHAN.*

DAughters, depart. Go tell *Jehoſheba*,
*Mathan* deſires to ſpeak with her in private.

*One of the CHORUS.*

*Mathan!* All-powerful God of Heav'n confound him.

*NABAL.*

See, all diſperſe, and leave us without Anſwer.

*MATHAN.*

Let us approach.

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## SCENE II.

*ZACHARY, MATHAN, NABAL.*

*ZACHARY.*

RASH Man, where wou'dſt thou go?
Preſume not to advance beyond this Place.
This is th' Abode of God's peculiar Servants.
All Entry is forbid to the Profane.
Whom do'ſt thou ſeek? On this great Day, my Father
Shuns the polluting Sight of an Idolater;
And now my Mother, worſhipping the Lord,
Is loth to be diſturb'd in her Devotions.

*MATHAN.*

My Son, we will attend: Diſmiſs thy Fears.
My Meſſage is to thy Illuſtrious Mother.
I come charg'd with an Order from the Queen.

[*Exit* Zachary.

## SCENE III.

### *MATHAN, NABAL.*

*NABAL.*

THeir Haughtineſs appears ev'n in their Children.
But what intends the Queen on this Occaſion?
Whence ſprings her ſtrange Unſteadineſs in Counſel?
Provok'd this Morning by *Jehoiada*,
And threaten'd by a fatal Child in Sleep,
She vow'd to ſacrifice *Jehoiada*,
And in this Temple place thy *Baal* and thee.
Ev'n now thou did'ſt impart to Me thy Joy,
And in the wealthy Spoil I hop'd to ſhare.
Who then has ſtagger'd thus her Reſolution?

*MATHAN.*

My Friend, for two Days paſt I have not known her.
She is no more that ſage and dauntleſs Queen,
Exalted far above her timorous Sex,
Who, whil'ſt they were ſurpriz'd, o'erwhelm'd her Foes,
And knew the Value of a Moment loſt:
A vain Remorſe diſquiets her great Soul,
She doubts, ſhe wavers, in ſhort ſhe is a Woman.
E'en now I fill'd her Heart with Gall and Rancour,
Already vext by the dire Threats of Heav'n.
Confiding then her Vengeance to my Care,
She bade me ſtrait aſſemble all her Forces.
Whether this Child by being brought before her,
(Who, as they ſay, is a forſaken Orphan)
Leſſen'd the Terror of her frightful Dream;
Or in him ſhe diſcover'd hidden Graces;
I found her Anger wav'ring and uncertain;
And putting off her Vengeance till to-morrow,
Her Projects ſeem'd each other to deſtroy.
I told her, that I had with Care enquir'd
His Birth. " His Parentage they boaſt already.
" *Jehoiada* from time to time preſents him
" To the ſeditious *Hebrews*, and inſpires

" The

" The Croud t'expect in him a ſecond *Moſes*;
" Deluding them with lying Oracles."
Theſe Words kindled a Colour in her Cheeks,
Never had happy Fraud ſo ſwift Succeſs.
Shall I then languiſh in this doubtful State?
I will be freed, ſaid ſhe, from this Vexation.
Go, bear this Order to *Jehoſheba*.
The Fires are kindling, and the Sword unſheath'd;
Nought can ſecure your Temple from Deſtruction,
But the Surrender of that Child for Hoſtage.

*NABAL.*

They will not ſurely for an unknown Child,
Whom Chance perhaps has thrown into their Arms,
Permit their Temple, level'd to the Ground——

*MATHAN.*

Of the whole Race of Men, mark now the proudeſt!
Rather than give into my Hands a Child,
Whom he has dedicated to his God,
Perverſe *Jehoiada* is fix'd to bear
A Death the moſt ſevere and terrible.
Beſides, 'tis viſible how much they love him.
If right I underſtand the Queen's Account,
More of his Birth they know, than they will own.
Whoe'er he be, he will prove fatal to 'em.
They will refuſe him. I take the reſt upon me;
And hope that the devouring Flames, at length
Will free me from this Temple's odious Sight.

*NABAL.*

What can inſpire thee with ſo ſtrong a Hatred?
Is it an ardent Zeal for *Baal* tranſports thee?
For Me, who am deriv'd from *Iſhmaël*,
Thou know'ſt, I neither worſhip God nor *Baal*.

*MATHAN.*

Can'ſt thou believe, my Friend, a ſilly Zeal
Moves and tranſports me for a ſenſeleſs Idol,
A mould'ring Stock, which, ſpight of all my Care,
Is daily on the Altar gnaw'd by Worms?
Bred to the Miniſtry of *Iſrael*'s God,

*Mathan* it may be wou'd have ſerv'd him ſtill,
Had not his heavy Yoke prov'd inconſiſtent
With the Deſire of Pow'r and Thirſt of Honours.
What need I, *Nabal*, call to thy Remembrance
My famous Quarrel with *Jehoiada*,
When I diſputed with him for the Cenſer,
My Arts, my Strife, my Tears and my Deſpair!
Vanquiſh'd by Him, I took another Road,
And turn'd my Thoughts entirely to the Court.
Inſenſibly I gain'd the Ears of Kings,
And all my Words were liſten'd to as Oracles.
Their Hearts I ſtudy'd, and their Paſſions flatter'd,
And promis'd Safety on the Brink of Ruin;
In all things changing, as their Humours chang'd,
As much as plain *Jehoiada*'s rough Freedoms
Grated the Niceneſs of their tender Ears,
No leſs I charm'd them by my ſubtle Soothings,
Concealing from their View unwelcome Truths,
Placing their Rage in advantageous Lights,
And waſteful, above all, of human Blood.
At laſt, by Order of the Queen, a Temple
To the new God was built, whom ſhe adores.
This City wept to ſee itſelf profan'd.
The Sons of *Levi*, full of Conſternation,
Aſſaulted Heav'n with hideous Cries and Howlings.
I, the ſole Pattern to the fearful *Hebrews*,
Forſook their Law, approv'd the Undertaking,
And thereby gain'd *Baal*'s profitable Prieſthood.
Thus to my haughty Rival I grew dreadful,
Won the *Tiara*, and commenc'd his Equal.
Yet I confeſs, in all this Height of Glory,
The dire Remembrance of the God I left,
Still feeds a lurking Terror in my Soul.
'Tis this inflames and multiplies my Rage.
Happy! if by the Ruin of his Temple
I can convict his Hate of Impotence,
And 'midſt Deſtruction, Spoil and Devaſtation,
Silence the Clamours of a peeviſh Conſcience.
But, ſee! *Jehoſheba*.

SCENE

## SCENE IV.

### JEHOSHEBA, MATHAN, NABAL.

*MATHAN.*

SEnt by the Queen
To ſettle Peace, and diſſipate your Fears,
Princeſs, whom Heav'n has bleſt with ſo much Mildneſs,
Admire not I addreſs myſelf to Thee.
A Rumour, (which indeed I hope is groundleſs)
Confirming the Advice a Dream imparted,
Had well nigh drawn her boiling Indignation
On the High Prieſt, accus'd of dang'rous Plots.
I will not here extol my Services.
I know the Wrongs *Jehoiada* has done me:
But we muſt Benefits return for Wrongs.
In ſhort, I come empower'd to treat of Peace.
Live, and enjoy your Feaſts without Diſturbance.
She only asks a Pledge of your Obedience:
It is, (I us'd my Efforts to diſſuade her,)
It is that Orphan whom ſhe here beheld.

*JEHOSHEBA.*

*Eliacin?*

*MATHAN.*

Indeed I almoſt bluſh for her.
By a vain Dream perhaps ſhe's too much mov'd.
But you proclaim yourſelves her mortal Foes,
If inſtantly you give not up this Child.
The Queen impatiently expects your Anſwer.

*JEHOSHEBA.*

Are theſe the Terms of the propounded Peace!

*MATHAN.*

Can you refuſe, one Moment, to accept them?
Is it not worth a ſmall Civility?

*JEHOSHEBA.*

I ſhou'd indeed have thought it ſtrange, if *Mathan*,
Stripping himſelf of Craft and Artifice,
Cou'd have o'ercome the Rancour of his Heart;

And if the Forger of ſo many Miſchiefs
Had been the Author of a ſeeming Good.

*MATHAN.*

Of what do'ſt thou complain? Come I with Rage
To tear thy Son from thy embracing Arms?
Who is this other Child ſo dearly cheriſh'd?
So ſtrong Affection yields juſt Cauſe of Wonder.
Is He ſo rich and valuable a Treaſure?
Is He rais'd up by Heaven a Saviour for you?
Look to it; For your Denial may confirm
A ſtrange Rumour, which is already whiſper'd.

*JEHOSHEBA.*

What Rumour?

*MATHAN.*

That this ſame Child is Nobly ſprung,
And kept for ſome great Purpoſe by your Husband.

*JEHOSHEBA.*

*Mathan*, who with this Rumour ſooths his Rage——

*MATHAN.*

Princeſs! 'Tis in thy Pow'r to undeceive me.
*Jehoſheba*, I'm ſure, a Foe profeſt
To Inſincerity and every Falſhood,
Wou'd ſooner ſacrifice her very Life,
Than utter knowingly one untrue Word.
Say then, can you not trace this Infant's Birth?
Is his Deſcent wrapt up in Clouds and Darkneſs?
And know'ſt thou not thyſelf from whence he ſprung,
Nor from what Hands *Jehoiada* receiv'd him?
Speak: I wait to hear, and will believe thee.
Princeſs, give Glory to the God you worſhip.

*JEHOSHEBA.*

Vile Wretch! well it becomes thee ſo to ſtyle
A God, whom thy Tongue teaches to blaſpheme.
How by his awful Name dar'ſt thou adjure,
Plac'd in the Scoffer's peſtilential Chair,
Where *Falſhood* reigns, and ſpreads abroad its Poiſon;
Nurtur'd in Fraud and damnable Rebellion!

SCENE

## SCENE V.

### JEHOIADA, JEHOSHEBA, MATHAN, NABAL.

*JEHOIADA.*

AM I awake? Behold I not *Baal*'s Prieſt?
Daughter of *David!* Talk'ſt thou to that Traytor?
Permit'ſt thou his Diſcourſe? And fear'ſt thou not
The Earth ſhou'd open, and conſuming Fires
Burſt forth this Inſtant, and devour you Both?
Or that theſe Walls ſhou'd falling cruſh thee with him?
What wou'd he? How dares he in this awful Place
With his infectious Breath pollute the Air?

*MATHAN.*

*Jehoiada* is known by this rude Rage.
Yet, out of Prudence, ought he to reſpect
The Name of Queen, and not affront a Man,
Whom ſhe has honour'd with her high Commands.

*JEHOIADA.*

Say then, what baleful Tidings ſends ſhe to us?
Of what dread News art thou the Meſſenger?

*MATHAN.*

I've told her Pleaſure to *Jehoſheba*.

*JEHOIADA.*

Then flee; Avaunt, Monſter of Wickedneſs!
Go, and fulfill the Meaſure of thy Crimes.
God ſoon ſhall join thee to the perjur'd Crew,
*Abiram*, *Dathan* and *Achitophel*!
The Dogs, that lick'd the Blood of *Jezebel*,
Waiting on Thee to glut their famiſh'd Maw,
Stand at thy Gates ev'n now, and claim their Prey!

*MATHAN.*

Ere Night — it will be ſeen — which of us two —
But, *Nabal*, let us go.

*NABAL.*

Where do'ſt thou wander?
What Horror ſeizes thy aſtoniſh'd Mind?
Here lies the Way. [*Exeunt* Mathan *and* Nabal.

## SCENE VI.

### JEHOIADA, JEHOSHEBA.

*JEHOSHEBA.*

THE Storm begins to break.
The Queen enrag'd demands *Eliacin*.
Already they begin, my Lord, to trace
The Myſtery of his Birth, and your Deſign.
*Mathan* had well nigh nam'd his Father to me.

*JEHOIADA.*

Who cou'd reveal it to perfidious *Mathan*?
Did not thy Trouble make thee unreſerv'd?

*JEHOSHEBA.*

I did whate'er I cou'd to govern it.
Truſt me, my Lord, Danger purſues us cloſe.
Let us preſerve this Child for happier Days;
A ſecond time, permit me to conceal him,
Now whilſt the Wicked are in cloſe Debate,
Before he's ſeiz'd, and torn from my Embrace!
The Gates, the Roads as yet are open to him.
Muſt I tranſport him to the wildeſt Deſarts?
Then be it ſo. I know a ſecret Outlet,
Where paſſing privately the Brook of *Cedron*,
I can convey him to the Wilderneſs,
Where *David* ſought a Refuge heretofore,
And ſhun'd the Rage of a rebellious Son.
The Bears and Lions will be gentler to him——
But why ſhou'd we refuſe the Aid of *Jehu*?
Perhaps I've hit upon a happy Thought.
Let us make *Jehu* Guardian of this Treaſure.
To *Jehu*'s Realms we may ev'n now conduct him,
Nor tedious is the Way, which thither leads.
*Jehu* has not a hard and ſavage Heart;
The Name of *David* is reſpected by him.
There is not ſure a King ſo fierce and cruel,
(Unleſs another *Jezebel* produc'd him,)
As not to pity ſuch a helpleſs Suiter.
It not his Cauſe, the common Cauſe of Kings?

*JEHOI-*

JEHOIADA.

Dar'ſt thou ſuggeſt ſuch weak and tim'rous Counſels?
Can'ſt thou rely upon the Aid of *Jehu*?

JEHOSHEBA.

Does God condemn all Vigilance and Foreſight?
And ſhall we not provoke him by Preſumption?
Employing Mortals in his wiſe Deſigns,
Has not he truſted *Jehu* with the Sword?

JEHOIADA.

*Jehu*, whom his myſterious Wiſdom choſe,
*Jehu*, on whom I ſee thy Hopes are fix'd,
Has with Ingratitude repay'd his Favours.
*Jehu* lets *Ahab*'s Daughter live in Peace,
Treads in the Steps of *Iſrael*'s impious Kings,
Permits the Temples of th' *Egyptian* God.
*Jehu*, who dares upon the Mountain-Tops
Raſh Incenſe burn, which the Supreme abhors,
Has neither Heart ſo pure, nor Hands ſo clean,
T' aſſert his Cauſe, and vindicate his Wrongs.
No, no; on Heav'n alone we muſt rely:
We'll publickly produce *Eliacin*,
And crown his Temples with the Diadem.
I'll ev'n anticipate th' appointed Hour,
And not give Time to *Mathan*'s Plots to ripen.

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## SCENE VII.

*JEHOIADA, JEHOSHEBA, AZARIAS follow'd by the Chorus and ſeveral Levites.*

JEHOIADA.

SAY, *Azarias*, is the Temple clos'd?

AZARIAS.

Myſelf ſaw all the Gates ſhut and ſecur'd.

JEHOIADA.

Do none remain beſide your holy Cohorts?

AZARIAS.

I twice have travers'd all the ſacred Courts.

All,

All, all are fled, and haſtily diſpers'd,
Driv'n by their Fears, a trembling, heartleſs Band;
And God is worſhip'd by the *Levites* only.
Never, ſince they eſcap'd from *Pharoah*'s Yoke,
Has ſo great Terror ſtruck the Sons of *Iſrael*.

*JEHOIADA.*

A People baſe indeed, and born for Slav'ry!
Tim'rous to Man, and bold to Heav'n alone!
Let us purſue our Work. But who retains
Theſe Children with us?

*One of the Chorus.*

Alas! my Lord, how can we leave you?
Are We then Strangers in this holy Temple?
Are not our Fathers and our Brothers with you?

*Another.*

If our weak Hands cannot, like thoſe of *Jael*,
To vindicate the Wrongs of injur'd *Jacob*,
Pierce thro' the wicked Heads of God's ſworn Foes,
We can at leaſt lay down our Lives to ſerve him;
And while your Arms defend th' aſſaulted Temple,
Our flowing Tears may mitigate his Anger.

*JEHOIADA.*

See here, Eternal Wiſdom! in Thy Cauſe,
What Champions arm themſelves: Children and Prieſts.
But if th' Almighty ſmile, who can reſiſt 'em?
When He commands, the Grave reſigns its Tenants.
'Tis He, who wounds and heals, deſtroys and ſaves!
Thou ſee'ſt they do not truſt in their own Merits,
But in Thy Name ſo oft' by them invok'd,
In thy firm Oaths ſworn to their holieſt Kings,
And in this Temple, with Thy Preſence crown'd,
Which, like the Sun, from Age to Age ſhall laſt!
Whence does my Heart with holy Horror tremble?
It is the Spirit Divine, that ſeizes on me?
'Tis He himſelf! He fires my Breaſt! He ſpeaks!
My Eyes are open'd; and dark diſtant Ages
Spring forth to View! Ye *Levites*, with the Sound
Of your ſweet Inſtruments aſſiſt theſe Tranſports,

*The Chorus ſings, the whole Symphony of Inſtruments playing.*

With Rev'rence liſten and be ſtill,
While Heav'n makes known his Sov'reign Will;
And may his chearing Voice impart
Such Life and Vigour to our Heart,
As in the Spring the falling Dews
On Flow'rs and tender Herbs diffuſe.

*JEHOIADA.*

Hearken, O Heav'ns! Thou Earth! Attention keep.
O *Jacob!* ſay no more thy God does ſleep.
Vaniſh, ye Sinners! and with Terror fly;
The Lord awakes, array'd in Majeſty!

*Here the Symphony begins again, and* Jehoiada *immediately reſumes his Diſcourſe.*

How into droſſy Lead is chang'd the (*a*) Gold!
Who is that bleeding (*b*) Prieſt, I there behold?
*Jeruſalem*, thou faithleſs City, weep,
Who in thy Prophets Blood thy Sword do'ſt ſteep.
Thy God has caſt off all his former Love,
And Odious now thy fuming Odours prove.
Where carry you thoſe (*c*) Women and thoſe Boys?
The Lord the Sov'reign City of the World deſtroys!
Her Captive Prieſts and Kings to Strangers bow,
And Heav'n her ſolemn Pomp no longer will allow!
Ye tow'ring Cedars burn! Thou Temple fall!
And in one common Ruin mingle all!
*Jeruſalem*, dear Object of my Grief!
What daring Hand thy Strength diſarms,
And in one Day has raviſh'd all thy Charms?
Oh that, to give me ſome Relief,
Mine Eyes could like two Fountains flow,
With never-ceaſing Streams, to weep thy Woe!

*AZARIAS.*

O Sacred Temple!

*JEHOSHEBA.*

O Righteous *David!* *CHORUS.*

(*a*) *Joſh.* (*b*) *Zachary.* (*c*) The *Babyloniſh* Captivity.

CHORUS.

O Lord, let *Sion* once more prove
The Fruits of thy returning Love.

*The Symphony begins to play, and* Jehoiada *ſuddenly interrupts it.*

What new (*d*) *Jeruſalem* now ſtrikes my Sight?
And from the Deſart ſprings, with dazzling Splendor bright?
See, on her Front ſhe wears
A Signet of immortal Years.
Ye Nations of the Earth rejoice,
And ſing with a triumphant Voice;
*Jeruſalem*, adorn'd with ſtreaming Rays,
Riſes with doubled Charms, and Light Divine diſplays.
What num'rous (*e*) Sons crowd after her,
Whom in her Womb ſhe did not bear?
*Jeruſalem*, exalt thy tow'ring Crown;
See! all thoſe Kings, amaz'd, thy Glory own:
The Kings of Nations, proſtrate at thy Feet,
Salute the Duſt, and to thy Pow'r ſubmit.
The People, far and wide, direct aright
Their ſtable Steps by thy diffuſive Light.
Happy the Man! who ſhall his Boſom feel
Inflam'd for *Sion* with a fervent Zeal.
Ye Heav'ns diſtill your Dews! And thou, O Earth!
Delay no more to give thy Saviour Birth.

*JEHOSHEBA.*

Alas! how ſhall we ſhare this ſignal Favour,
If all thoſe Kings, from whom that Saviour claims——

*JEHOIADA.*

*Jehoſheba*, prepare the ſplendid Crown,
Which *David* heretofore was wont to wear.
And * You, attend me to thoſe ſecret Places, [* *To the* Levites.
Where far remov'd from View of the Prophane,
The formidable Store of Arms is hid,
(That in *Philiſtine* Blood, of old, were ſtain'd,)
Which that great Prince, loaded with Years and Glory,
Offer'd to God, who bleſt him with Succeſs. Can

(*d*) The Church. (*e*) The Gentiles.

Can they be us'd for a more noble Purpoſe?
Follow—— I'll deal to ev'ry Man his Weapons. [*Exeunt.*

---

## SCENE VIII.

*SALOMITH, CHORUS.*

*SALOMITH.*

MY lovely Siſters, what ſad Fears!
What Terrors and tormenting Cares!
O Pow'r Supreme, muſt we ſuch Incenſe pay,
Such Off'rings yield on this illuſtrious Day?

*SINGLE VOICE.*

Who wou'd have thought, or cou'd divine,
That e'er the murd'ring Sword and Spear,
With gleamy Luſtre ſhou'd appear,
And in the Houſe of Concord ſhine?

*SINGLE VOICE.*

Why in this preſſing Danger ſtands
*Jeruſalem* ſo mute? and why
Does noble *Abner* hang his Hands,
Nor raiſe his manly Voice on high?

*SALOMITH.*

Alas! my Siſter, in a Court,
Where Virtue is without Support;
Where Honours are alone beſtow'd
On a blind, proſtrate, ſervile Crowd,
Who dares to raiſe, with bold Offence,
His Voice for wretched Innocence?

*SINGLE VOICE.*

For whom do they the Crown prepare,
Now dreadful Perils ſeem ſo near?

*SALOMITH.*

The Lord has ſpoke; but where's the Man
That can the Prophet's Words explain?
Will he his treaſur'd Arms employ,
Us to defend, or to deſtroy?

*CHORUS.*

CHORUS.

O Labyrinth! O Myſtery profound!
What Ills to bear, and with what Joys be crown'd!
How ſhall we with ſuch Anger, join
Such Tenderneſs and Love Divine?

SINGLE VOICE.

*Sion* ſhall be no more. A Fire devours
Her pompous Palaces and lofty Tow'rs.

ANOTHER.

*Sion* for endleſs Ages ſhall endure:
On God's eternal Word ſhe ſtands ſecure.

FIRST.

I ſee her Glories vaniſh from my Eyes!

SECOND.

I ſee her Splendors ſhoot along the Skies!

FIRST.

*Sion* falls headlong down, and diſappears.

SECOND.

*Sion* to Heav'n her tow'ring Summit rears.

FIRST.

What fatal Fall from ſo great Height!

SECOND.

What wond'rous Riſe with Beams ſo bright!

FIRST.

Of piercing Grief what moving Voice!

SECOND.

Of conqu'ring Shouts what chearful Noiſe!

THIRD.

Let us forbear: Heav'n will one Day
Theſe dark myſterious Truths diſplay.

ALL THREE.

His Anger let us fear,
And truſt his tender Love.

ANOTHER.

Their Peace, who him revere,
What from 'em can remove?
In ev'ry thing their Wills to thine,
O God! they chearfully reſign.

Can

Can there a greater Pleaſure be,
On Earth, or in the Heav'ns above,
Than his, whoſe Heart o'erflows with Love,
With warm Ecſtatick Love of Thee?

## ACT IV. SCENE I.

*JOASH, JEHOSHEBA, ZACHARY, SALOMITH, A LEVITE, THE CHORUS.*

*SALOMITH.*

SEE where *Eliacim*, cloſe by my Mother,
Steps with a ſolemn and majeſtick Pace;
And on the other Side my Brother walks.
What carry they, my Siſters, in thoſe Veils?
Why is the Sword, ſo awful borne before them?

*JEHOSHEBA to Zachary.*

My Son, lay down with Reverence on that Table
The Venerable Volume of our Law:
And likewiſe You, lovely *Eliacim*,
By it repoſe that ſacred Diadem.
*Levite!* ſuch is *Jehoiada*'s Command,
Place, by his Crown, the dreaded Sword of *David*.

*JOASH.*

Princeſs! what means this new and pompous Sight?
Wherefore this holy Book, this Sword and Crown?
Since firſt I was receiv'd within this Temple,
I never ſaw ſuch ſolemn Preparations!

*JEHOSHEBA.*

Your Doubts, my Son, ſhall quickly be reſolv'd.

*JOASH* [*to* Jehoſheba *fitting the Crown upon his Head.*

You wou'd not place that Crown upon My Temples?
Princeſs, beware leſt you prophane its Glory:
Reſpect the Mem'ry of the King who wore it.
A wretched Infant, to the Bears expos'd——

*JEHOSHEBA.*

Permit it, Son: I do what I'm commanded.

JO-

JOASH.

But wherefore heaves thy Breaſt with thoſe deep Sighs?
Thou likewiſe weep'ſt! What Object moves thy Pity?
Is it, that I muſt to the Lord this Day
Be offer'd as a whole Burnt Sacrifice,
And by my Death, like *Jephtha's* blooming Daughter,
Arreſt the Vengeance of his kindled Wrath?
Alas! a Son ſhou'd eſteem Nought his own;
'Tis fit, that he obey his Father's Voice.

JEHOSHEBA.

See him, from whom thou'lt learn the Will of Heav'n.
Be not diſmay'd. * Let all of us depart.

[* *To* Zachary, *the Chorus, and Levite.*]

[*Exeunt* Jehoſheba, *Chorus, &c.*

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## SCENE II.

### JEHOIADA, JOASH.

*JOASH, running into the High Prieſt's Arms.*

MY Father!

JEHOIADA.

What ſays my Son?

JOASH.

What means this Pomp?

JEHOIADA.

'Tis fit, my Son, that I explain it to thee.
Thou art to underſtand, before all others,
God's high Deſigns for Thee, and for his People.
Now fortifie thy Breaſt with manly Courage:
'Tis Time to manifeſt that gen'rous Ardour,
Which in thy inmoſt Soul my Cares have cheriſh'd,
And render to the Lord the Debt thou ow'ſt him.
Feel'ſt thou thy Boſom glow with ſuch Deſires?

JOASH.

I ſtand prepar'd to give him up my Life.

JEHOIADA

Thou oft' haſt heard the Hiſt'ry of our Kings.
Remember'reſt thou, my Son, by what ſtrict Laws,

One

One worthy of the Crown ſhou'd guide his Actions?

JOASH.

A prudent King (ſo God himſelf * pronounces,)
Puts not his Truſt in gather'd Gold and Riches;
But fears the Lord his God; and, without Ceaſing,
Obſerves his Judgments and his righteous Laws;
Nor with oppreſſive Burdens loads his Brethren.

JEHOIADA.

Wert thou to imitate one of our Kings,
Which of them wou'dſt thou chuſe to copy after?

JOASH.

*David*, who lov'd the Lord with his whole Heart,
Appears to me the beſt and faireſt Model.

JEHOIADA.

Thou wou'dſt not follow then perverſe *Jehoram*,
Nor the vile Acts of wicked *Ahaziah*?

JOASH.

O my Father!

JEHOIADA.

Say on: What think'ſt thou of them?

JOASH,

May all, who trace their Steps, periſh like them!
[*to* Jehoiada *throwing himſelf at his Feet.*]
My Father! What mean'ſt thou by this Poſture?

JEHOIADA.

I render thee due Homage as my King.
*Joaſh*, walk worthy of thy Father *David*.

JOASH.

I, *Joaſh*!

JEHOIADA.

Thou ſhalt be made acquainted,
How Heav'n, protecting thee with ſignal Favour,
Shielded thy Life from an Unnatural Mother;
And, when her Sword was buried in thy Boſom,
In Mercy ſnatch'd thee from impending Death;
Tho' yet thou haſt not wholly 'ſcap'd her Rage.
With the ſame Zeal, as heretofoe ſhe ſtrove
To ſlay in thee the laſt of her Son's Children, Her

* *Deuteron.* ch. 17.

Her reſtleſs Fury perſecutes thee ſtill,
Beneath the borrow'd Name, by which thou'rt hid.
But I've already liſted to thy Standard
A People, eager to revenge thy Quarrel.
Enter, ye Chiefs of ſacred Families,
Honour'd by Turns with holy Miniſtrations.

---

## SCENE III.

*JOASH, JEHOIADA, AZARIAS, ISHMAEL, and the three other Chiefs of the Levites.*

*JEHOIADA proceeds.*

SEE here, O King, th' Avengers of thy Wrongs.
Ye Sons of *Levi*, behold your promis'd King.

*AZARIAS.*

Is then *Eliacin*——

*ISHMAEL.*

That lovely Infant——

*JEHOIADA.*

Is the true Heir of *Judah*'s Royal Line,
The youngeſt Son of wretched *Ahaziah*,
And, as you know, nurs'd by the Name of *Joaſh*.
With you, all *Judah* wept th' untimely Fall
Of this fair Flow'r, cropt with ſuch fatal Speed;
And thought, he with his Brothers ſlept in Death.
Like them, he with the treach'rous Blade was wounded,
But Heav'n reſtrain'd the Fury of the Blow,
And cheriſh'd in his Heart the Warmth of Life;
*Jehoſheba*, the Ruffians Eyes eluding,
Snatch'd him away, all bloody as he was:
She told her happy Theft to Me alone,
And in this Temple hid both Child and Nurſe.

*JOASH.*

Alas, my Father! how ſhall I pay the Debt,
Your Love and Services have laid upon me?

*JEHOIADA.*

Defer your Gratitude to fitter Times—— Behold

Behold! here ſtands your King, your only Hope:
My Care has hitherto preſerv'd him for you.
Servants of God! to You it now belongs,
To end what I have happily begun.
When *Jezebel*'s aſſaſſinating Daughter
Shall know, that *Joaſh* ſtill beholds the Light,
Again ſhe'll ſtrive to take away his Life.
Ev'n now ſhe would deſtroy him, tho' unknown.
Holy Brethren! Arreſt her frantick Rage,
Redeem your Country from its heavy Bondage,
Revenge your ſlaughter'd Princes, Advance the Law,
And force the Rebel Tribes to own their King.
The Enterprize, indeed, is full of Danger.
We charge a powerful Queen upon her Throne,
Beneath whoſe Banners march a num'rous Hoaſt
Of hardy Strangers and Apoſtate *Hebrews*.
But God is our Support, whoſe Glory guides us.
Think, that all *Iſrael* lives but in that Child.
Ev'n now, our Jealous God begins to vex her:
Ev'n now, eluding all her vain Precautions,
I have found Means to ſummon you together.
While here ſhe thinks us without Arms and helpleſs,
We'll crown *Joaſh*, and ſtrait proclaim him King.
We'll then march forth, devoted to his Cauſe,
And calling on the righteous Judge of Battels,
Revive the Flames of our expiring Zeal,
And ſeek our guilty Foe ev'n in her Palace.
What Heart ſo cold, that ſeeing us advance
In this Attire, cloath'd in theſe holy Veſtments,
Will not be warm'd to follow our Example?
A King, whom God has nouriſh'd in his Temple,
The Succeſſor of *Aaron* and his Prieſts,
The Sons of *Levi* marching to the Fight,
And bearing in their Hands thoſe Hallow'd Weapons,
Which *David* dedicated to the Lord?
Our God will pour down Terrors on his Foes:
Then bathe yourſelves in their polluted Blood.
*Hebrews* and *Tyrians* ſlay, without Diſtinction;

Are

Are ye not ſprung from thoſe Illuſtrious *Levites*,
Who, when revolting *Iſrael* in the Deſart
Perfidiouſly ador'd the God of *Nile*,
Spar'd not their deareſt Friends, Devoutly cruel,
But cleans'd their Hands by ſpilling impious Blood,
And by that Deed for You obtain'd the Honour,
To be alone employ'd about the Altar?
But I perceive, You're all on Fire for Action;
Ere ye advance, Swear on this awful Book,
T'obey the King, whom Heav'n, this Day, reſtores you;
To live, to fight, and even dye for Him.

*AZARIAS.*

We ſwear, both for ourſelves, and for our Brethren,
To ſettle *Joaſh* on the Throne of *David*,
And not to ſheath the Swords our Hands now wield,
'Till we've aveng'd him, and ſubdu'd his Foes.
If any bold Tranſgreſſor break this Promiſe,
Great God! let thy o'erwhelming Wrath purſue him:
May all his Children, baniſh'd from thy Lot,
Be number'd with thoſe Dead, whom thou forgetteſt.

*JEHOIADA.*

And Thou, O King! to this eternal Law,
Swear'ſt thou not likewiſe to be always faithful?

*JOASH.*

Is it then poſſible I may tranſgreſs it?

*JEHOIADA.*

My Son! (I yet dare call thee by that Name,)
Bear with this Softneſs, and forgive theſe Tears,
Which for thee flow from too well-grounded Doubts.
Far from the Throne brought up, thou know'ſt not [yet
The fatal Charms of that deluſive Honour;
Thou know'ſt not yet th' intoxicating Nature
Of Abſolute Command, nor haſt thou heard
Th' inchanting Voice of Sycophantic Courtiers.
They ſoon will tell thee, the moſt ſacred Laws,
Made to reſtrain and curb the ſtubborn Crowd,
Themſelves are ſubject to the Prince's Pleaſure;
That Kings are bound by Nothing but their Will,

And

And ſhou'd alone conſult their Sov'reign Grandeur;
That the vile People are Ordain'd for Labour,
And muſt be govern'd with a Rod of Iron;
That if they are not by their Prince oppreſs'd,
Sooner or later they'll oppreſs their Prince.
Thus will theſe Sycophants, with ſoothing Words,
Lead thee from Snare to Snare, from Gulph to Gulph:
Staining the Whiteneſs of thy ſpotleſs Manners,
At laſt they'll make thee hate ev'n Truth itſelf:
They'll dreſs up Virtue in a hideous Garb.
Alas! they have deceiv'd the Wiſeſt King.
Swear on this Book, before theſe Witneſſes,
That Heav'n ſhall always be thy firſt Concern;
That thou'lt indulgently protect the Virtuous;
Without Partiality chaſtiſe the Wicked,
And vindicate the Poor from his Oppreſſor;
Mindful, my Son, that hid beneath this Ephod,
Thou once, like him, wert poor and without Parents.

*JOASH.*

I promiſe faithfully to keep the Law.
If I forſake thee, puniſh me my God.

*JEHOIADA.*

I muſt anoint thee now with holy Oyl.
Come forth, *Jehoſheba*; reveal thyſelf.

---

## SCENE IV.

*JOASH, JEHOIADA, JEHOSHEBA, ZACHARY, AZARIAS, &c. SALOMITH, CHORUS.*

*JEHOSHEBA embracing Joaſh.*

O King, the Son of *David!*

*JOASH.*

My only Mother!
Let me embrace thee, Brother *Zachary.*

*JEHOSHEBA* [*to* Zachary.]

My Son, kneeling do Homage to thy King.

*JE-*

*JEHOIADA, whilst they are Embracing.*

My Sons, may ye be always thus united!

*JEHOSHEBA to Joash.*

Thou art acquainted then, who gave thee Life.

*JOASH.*

I likewise know, who wou'd have torn it from me.
And whom I am to thank for my Deliverance.

*JEHOSHEBA.*

I then may call thee by the Name of *Joash*.

*JOASH.*

*Joash* will never cease to love thee.

*JEHOIADA.*

What then? Is that——

*JEHOSHEBA.*

'Tis *Joash*.

*JEHOIADA.*

Attend this *Levite*. [*Enter a Levite hastily.*

---

## SCENE V.

*JOASH, JEHOSHEBA, JEHOIADA, A LEVITE, &c.*

*LEVITE.*

I Know not what they meditate against us!
But the hoarse Trumpet sounds from ev'ry Part,
Banners are seen to wave, with Fires among 'em.
The Hoast, no doubt, is muster'd by the Queen.
All Roads for Succours are already barr'd.
The holy Mount, on which the Temple stands,
Is ev'ry way invested by the *Tyrians*;
And one of 'em told us insultingly,
That *Abner* is in Chains, and cannot aid us.

---

*JEHOSHEBA.*

Dear Child! in vain by Heav'n bestow'd upon me.
Alas! to save thy Life all Means I try'd;
But God has quite forgot thy Father *David*.

*JE-*

JEHOIADA.

What! fear'ſt thou not to draw down on thyſelf
His Wrath, and on thy dearly-cheriſh'd King?
Tho' God ſhou'd tear him from thy Arms for ever,
And at one Blow extinguiſh *David*'s Houſe,
Art thou not here upon that holy Mountain,
Where *Iſrael*'s faithful * Sire plac'd on a Pile
His guiltleſs Son, and rais'd aloft his Arm
To take his Life, without a murm'ring Word;
Truſting, that God wou'd ſtill fulfill his Promiſe;
To whom in that beloved Son he offer'd
All his Poſterity, contain'd in Him.
My Friends, now let us part. Let *Iſhmaël*,
[*To the Chiefs of the Levites.*]
Under his Care the Eaſtern Portal take;
And Thou, the North; and Thou, the Weſtern Gate;
The Southern be Thy Charge: Let none preſume,
Or Prieſt or Levite, with too forward Zeal,
Raſhly to ſally forth before the Time.
Let Every One, with equal Ardour fir'd,
Maintain till Death the Poſt where I ſhall place him.
Our Foes regard us, in their blinded Rage,
Like fearful Flocks of Sheep prepar'd for Slaughter,
Nor aught expect to meet beſide Confuſion.
Thou, *Azarias*, keep always near the King.
Proceed, dear Offspring of a valiant Race,
To fire thy Servants with unwonted Boldneſs,
And in their Sight aſſume the Diadem;
If thou muſt periſh, periſh like a King.
Follow, *Jehoſheba*. Give me thoſe Arms.
[*To a Levite.*
Children, offer to God your blameleſs Tears. [*Exeunt.*

* *Abraham.*

## SCENE VI.

*SALOMITH, CHORUS.*

*The Whole CHORUS.*

GO forth, go forth, ye Sons of *Aaron*;
For never did a worthier Zeal
Your brave Fore-fathers Bosoms fuel.
Go forth, go forth, ye Sons of *Aaron*;
Now, now, now, now, exert your utmost Might:
It is your King, 'tis God himself for whom ye fight.

*SINGLE VOICE.*

Where are the Bolts thou hurlest from on high
When thy fierce Vengeance fires the sultry Sky?
Or sit'st thou careless in thy blest Abode,
And art no more a just and jealous God?

*ANOTHER.*

Where are thy Favours on our Sires bestow'd
In our Distress can no Voice reach the Skies,
But our unnumber'd Crimes prevailing Cries
Art thou no more a kind forgiving God?

*CHORUS.*

Where are thy Favours on our Sires bestow'd?

*SINGLE VOICE.*

The wicked against Thee engage,
And boldly vent their impious Rage.
' The Festivals of God, say they,
' From off the Earth we'll sweep away,
' And from the galling Pain
' Of his hard Yoke let Morals free
' To boundless Liberty;
' His Altars we'll deface,
' And root out all his chosen Race;
' Both of his Name and of his Glory
' May no Remains be found in Story.
' Nor He nor his Anointed over us shall reign.

CHO-

CHORUS.

Where are the Bolts, &c.

SINGLE VOICE.

Of *Israel*'s Kings thou sole surviving Shoot!
Delightful Offspring of so fair a Root!
Alas! must we behold thy precious Life,
Expos'd once more beneath the murd'ring Knife!
Say, Lovely Prince! did God an Angel send,
Thee in thy Infant Cradle to defend?
Or did his animating Voice revive
Thy buryd Coarse, and bid thy Ashes live?

ANOTHER.

Have his Fore-Fathers Crimes drawn down
These Judgments on his guiltless Crown?
For Ever from him is thy Mercy flown?

CHORUS.

Where are thy Favours on our Sires bestow'd?
Art thou no more a kind forgiving God?

*One of the* CHORUS, *without Singing.*

Dear Sisters, hear you not
The cruel *Syrian* Trumpet sound?

SALOMITH.

I also hear the Shoutings of the Soldiers,
And shiver with the deadly Fright.
Be gone; Let's fly and hide ourselves
Beneath the Shadow of the Sanctuary.

## ACT V. SCENE I.

*ZACHARY, SALOMITH, CHORUS.*

*SALOMITH.*

DEAR *Zachary*, what Tidings do'ſt thou bring?

*ZACHARY.*

Pour forth your Pray'rs to Heav'n with double Ardour:
Ev'n now we ſtand upon the Brink of Ruin:
Orders are iſſu'd for the dreadful Battle.

*SALOMITH.*

How fares *Joaſh*?

*ZACHARY.*

This Moment he was crown'd.
The High Prieſt pour'd the holy Oyl upon him:
Good Heav'ns! how ſparkled ev'ry Eye with Joy,
To view this King recover'd from the Grave.
The Scar upon his Breaſt may ſtill be ſeen:
We likewiſe ſaw his faithful Nurſe appear,
Who hid in ſome cloſe Corner of this Temple,
Indulgently preſerv'd her precious Pledge,
And had no other Witneſs of her Cares,
Beſide my Mother and the Eye of Heav'n.
Our Levites wept with Joy and Tenderneſs,
And with their Shouts of Triumph mingled Sighs.
*Joaſh* mean-while, amid theſe mighty Tranſports,
With winning Geſture and attractive Grace,
Offer'd his Hand to One, ſmil'd on Another,
Swore to conduct himſelf by their wiſe Counſels,
And ſtyl'd them all his Fathers or his Brothers.

*SALOMITH.*

Is it yet known abroad, that *Joaſh* lives?

ZACHARY.

No. 'Tis only known within the Temple.
The Troops of *Levi* variously divided,
Are poſted at each Gate with utmoſt Silence.
All are enjoin'd to iſſue out at once,
And cry for Signal; Long live King *Joaſh!*
But that the King himſelf ſhou'd be expos'd,
My Father ſuffers not; and for his Guard,
Has plac'd about him faithful *Azarias.*
Mean-while the Queen, graſping a naked Dagger,
Derides the Bulwarks of our Brazen Gates.
She waits for batt'ring Rams to burſt them open,
And breaths out Nought but Blood and Deſolation.
Siſter, ſome wary Prieſts at firſt propos'd,
That in a Vault, by our Fore-fathers dug,
The precious Ark ſhou'd be at leaſt preſerv'd.
'O baſe unworthy Fear! exclaim'd my Father,
'Shall then the Ark, which made ſo many Towers
'Fall ruin'd down, and forc'd the River *Jordan,*
'Back to its Source to drive its frighted Stream,
'So oft' triumphant o'er the Gentile Gods,
'Fly from the Face of an inſulting Woman?
My Mother near the King with down-caſt Look,
Sometimes on him and ſometimes on the Altar
Lifting her Eyes, now ſpeechleſs grown with Grief,
And quite abandon'd to her ſwelling Sorrow,
Wou'd melt to Tears the moſt obdurate Heart!
The King from Time to Time embraces her,
And chides her Fears —— Dear Siſters, all attend me,
If 'tis decreed, our King muſt fall to Day,
Come on, let the ſame Lot unite us with him.

SALOMITH.

What daring Hand ſtrikes with redoubled Blows?
Who makes thoſe Levites ſo confus'dly run?
Why do they hide their Arms with ſo much Care?
Are the Gates broke open?

ZACHARY.

Diſmiſs your Fears.
Heav'n ſends us *Abner*.

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## SCENE II.

*ABNER, JEHOIADA, JEHOSHEBA, ZACHARY, SALOMITH, ISHMAEL, TWO LEVITES, &c.*

JEHOIADA.

SHALL I believe my Eyes,
Dear *Abner*? How cou'd'ſt thou Paſſage hither find,
Through the ſtrong Camp of our beſieging Foes?
We heard that *Ahab*'s ſacrilegious Daughter,
The better to ſecure her barb'rous Projects,
Had bound thy gen'rous Hands with Iron Shackles.

ABNER.

'Tis true, my Lord. She fear'd my Zeal and Courage;
This was the leaſt Reward her Rage deſign'd me.
In a deep Dungeon pent by her Command,
I did indeed expect, this Fabrick burnt,
(Not then content with Deluges of Blood,)
She wou'd redeem me from an anxious Life,
Which ſhou'd a thouſand times have been extinguiſh'd
By the ſole Grief to have ſurviv'd our Kings.

JEHOIADA.

Say, by what Miracle wert thou releas'd?

ABNER.

Heav'n only knows what paſſes in her Heart.
She ſent for Me; and, with a haggard Look,
Thou ſee'ſt, (ſaid ſhe,) this Temple is block'd up;
Revengeful Flames ev'n now will ſeize its Turrets,
Nor can thy God protect it from my Pow'r.
Yet may his Prieſts (but then they muſt be ſpeedy,)
Redeem themſelves upon theſe eaſy Terms:
Let them deliver up *Eliacim*,
And with him ſend the Treaſure they conceal,

Amaſs'd

Amaſs'd in ancient times by your King *David*;
To the High Prieſt with ſecret Charge entruſted,
Go, tell them on theſe Terms they yet may live.

*JEHOIADA.*

My dear *Abner*, what Courſe wou'd'ſt thou adviſe?

*ABNER.*

Deliver up both all the Gold of *David*,
(If you indeed preſerve from ſecret Treaſure,)
With whatſoe'er of rich or valuable,
You yet have kept from her rapacious Hands.
Wou'd'ſt thou behold the Cherubims in Flames,
The Altar batter'd down, the Ark defil'd,
And with thy Blood pollute the Sanctuary?

*JEHOIADA.*

*Abner*, wou'd it become a gen'rous Spirit,
To let a guiltleſs Child be put to Death,
A Child, whom God himſelf entruſted to me;
And by his Fate redeem our wretched Lives?

*ABNER.*

Alas! Heav'n ſees my Heart. Oh! wou'd to God,
This barbarous Queen wou'd ſpare his blooming Life,
And on my Head alone wreck all her Vengeance;
*Abner* wou'd bear it all, and triumph in it.
But whither tend your unavailing Cares,
And how can He eſcape by Your Deſtruction?
Tho' You ſhou'd periſh All, cou'd He be ſav'd?
Does Heav'n command Impoſſibilities?
*Moſes*, in conſequence of *Pharaoh*'s Law,
Abandon'd by his Mother on the *Nile*,
Was doom'd to Death, almoſt as ſoon as born.
But Heav'n, preſerving him againſt all Hope,
Ev'n by the Tyrant caus'd him to be rear'd,
Who knows, but God deſigns *Eliacin*
For a like Deſtiny; and, to that End,
It may be has already touch'd with Pity
Th' obdurate Heart of cruel *Athaliah*,
At leaſt, (*Jehoſheba* might likewiſe ſee it,)
I ſaw her ſometimes mov'd, when ſhe beheld him;

I saw the Fervour of her Rage abate.
Princess, can'st thou be silent in this Danger?
Wilt thou indeed permit *Jehoiada*,
To let both thee, thy Son, and all this People,
Be vainly lost, to aid an unknown Child;
And raging Fires to seize the only Place,
Where the Most High commands us to adore him?
What cou'd ye more, if this young Child were ev'n
The Offspring of your Royal Ancestors?

*JEHOSHEBA to* Jehoiada. [*Aside.*]

You see his Love for *David*'s Family.
Why speak you not?

*JEHOIADA.*

It is not yet the Season.

*ABNER.*

My Lord, each flying Moment teems with Ruin,
While you delay to give me your Reply,
*Mathan* enflames the Wrath of *Athaliah*,
Urges for Slaughter, and demands the Signal.
Must I fall prostrate at thy sacred Feet?
Let me adjure thee by that awful Place,
On which the Majesty of Heav'n descends;
To ev'ry living Soul but thee forbid;
Without Delay to ward this sudden Blow,
How hard soe'er the Terms impos'd may seem.
Give me but Time to recollect myself.
To-Morrow, this very Night I'll Measures take,
To guard the Temple, and revenge its Wrongs.
But I perceive, my Tears and vain Discourse
Are all too weak to make you change your Purpose,
Nor can they shake your too too rigid Virtue.
Then be it so —— Give me some Sword or Weapon,
That at the Gates, where now the Foe expects me,
*Abner* may, as becomes him, fall in Fight.

*JEHOIADA.*

Thou hast prevail'd: I will accept thy Counsel,
*Abner*, let us divert these threatning Evils.
'Tis true; *David* has still a Treasure left,

Which

Which was indeed entrusted to my Care.
'Twas the last Hope of the dejected *Hebrews*;
And with the utmost Caution I conceal'd it.
But since your Queen commands us to reveal it,
We will obey; our Gates shall open to her.
Let her come in, attended by her Captains,
But let her then defend our holy Altars,
From the wild Rage of her licentious Soldiers.
Spare me the Pain to see the Temple plunder'd.
Children and Priests will not, I hope, affright her.
Let her agree upon her Train with thee.
For what concerns this formidable Child,
*Abner*, I know the Justice of thy Heart,
And will before her own his Lineage to thee.
Thou'lt see if it be fit to yield him up.
I'll make Thee Judge, between the Queen and Him.

*ABNER.*

My Lord, I take him under my Protection.
Fear Nought. I fly to her who sent me. [*Exit* Abner.

## SCENE III.

*JEHOIADA, JEHOSHEBA, ISHMAEL, ZACHARY,* &c.

*JEHOIADA.*

GReat God! the Hour is come; thy Prey approaches.
*Ishmael*, attend. [*Speaks to him aside.*

*JEHOSHEBA.*

O pow'rful Lord of Heav'n!
Let fall once more that Veil before her Eyes,
With which thou blindedst her, when from her Rage
I privily withdrew the destin'd victim.

*JEHOIADA.*

*Ishmael*, depart; lose not a Moment's Time,
But see those Orders punctually fulfill'd.
When she comes in, and as she moves along,
Let Nought appear to raise her Jealousy.

You,

You, Children, prepare a Throne for *Joash*.
Let him advance, attended by our *Levites*;
And likewiſe let his faithful Nurſe be there.
Princeſs, be chear'd; dry up thy flowing Tears!
Soon as the Queen has paſs'd the Temple-Gate,
And to her Forces can no more return, [* *To a Levite.*
Be it * Thy Care, to cauſe the Warrior-Trumpet
To ſtrike a ſudden Terror in her Army.
Call all the People to ſupport their King;
And make the Sound of *Joash* his Eſcape
Ev'n reach her Ears from the loud-ecchoing Turrets.
But, ſee! he comes.

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## SCENE IV.

### *JOASH, JEHOIADA, JEHOSHEBA, THE BANDS OF PRIESTS AND LEVITES.*

*JEHOIADA.*

YE Prieſts of the Moſt High,
Conceal'd on ev'ry ſide ſurround this Place;
Leaving the Conduct of your Zeal to Me,
Your Stations ſilent keep, 'till I ſhall call you.
[*They all hide themſelves.*
O King! thou may'ſt indulge the pleaſing Hope,
To ſee thy Foes fall proſtrate at thy Feet.
The Queen, whoſe Rage purſu'd thy Infancy,
With haſty Steps advances to deſtroy thee.
But fear her not. Think the deſtroying Angel
With Guardian-Arm encircles thee around.
Shew on thy Throne — But, ſee! the Gates are opening.
Suffer this Veil a Moment to conceal thee.
[*He draws a Curtain.*
Princeſs, why do'ſt thou tremble and look pale?

*JEHOSHEBA.*

Well may I tremble and look pale, to ſee

The

The Temple fill'd with Troops of Murderers.
Alas! behold'st thou not how large a Guard——

*JEHOIADA.*

I see they close again the Temple-Gates.
All is secure.

## SCENE V.

*ATHALIAH, JOASH conceal'd behind the Curtain, JEHOIADA, JEHOSHEBA, ABNER, Attendants upon ATHALIAH.*

*ATHALIAH to Jehoiada.*

ART thou then there, Seducer,
Thou baleful Plotter of Conspiracies,
Whose only Hope is Faction and Disorder,
Th' Eternal Enemy of Sov'reign Pow'rs?
Thou did'st rely upon thy God's Support.
Art thou yet undeceiv'd? Thou seest, he leaves
His Temple and thy Life at my Disposal.
I justly might upon that very Altar,
Where thy vile Hand [illegible] But I'll restrain myself,
And with the offer'd Ransom rest content.
Take heed, that thou perform'st the promis'd Terms.
That Child, that Treasure to be yielded to me;
Where are they?

*JEHOIADA.*

Thou shalt ev'n now be satisfy'd;
Thou shalt at once behold that Child and Treasure.

*The Curtain is drawn, and* JOASH *is seen seated on a Throne.*

Appear, thou worthy Off-spring of our Kings.
O Queen, know'st thou the Heir of righteous *David?*
At least confess those Traces of thy Dagger.
See there thy King, the Son of *Ahaziah.*
Thou, *Abner*, and the rest, acknowledge *Joash.*

*ABNER.*

O Heav'ns!

*ATHA-*

ATHALIAH *to Jehoiada.*

Traytor!

JEHOIADA.

Behold that faithful Woman, [*Pointing to the Nurse.*
By whom, thou know'ſt full well, he then was ſuckled.
*Jehoſheba* convey'd him from thy Rage;
This Temple entertain'd, and Heav'n preſerv'd him.
Thou there behold'ſt great *David*'s living Treaſure.

ATHALIAH.

Thy Treachery will prove fatal to that Child.
Soldiers, remove that Phantom from my Sight.

JEHOIADA.

Ye Soldiers of the living God, defend your King.

*The back Scenes open: The inward Part of the Temple is diſcover'd; and the arm'd* Levites *ruſh from all ſides on the Stage.*

ATHALIAH.

Where am I? Treaſon, Treaſon! O wretched Queen!
With Arms and Foes I am encompaſs'd round!

JEHOIADA.

Thy Eyes ſearch round in vain; thou can'ſt not fly,
For God has clos'd thee in on ev'ry ſide;
That God, whom thou did'ſt brave, has giv'n thee up.
Render Account to Him for all the Blood,
Which thy raſh Hand ſo laviſhly has ſpilt.

ATHALIAH.

What! has Fear frozen all my Coward-Soldiers?
Perfidious *Abner!* whither haſt thou led me?

ABNER.

God is my Witneſs, Queen, how innocent——

ATHALIAH.

Name not thy God, vile Traytor, but revenge me.

ABNER, [*throwing himſelf at the Feet of* Joaſh.

On whom? On *Joaſh!* On my King and Maſter?

ATHALIAH.

He, *Joaſh?* He, your King? Wretches, remember,

That by my Army you are ſtill beſieg'd.
I hear my ſhouting Bands loudly reclaim me.
They fly to my Support. Tremble, ye Rebels!

## SCENE VI.

### *ISHMAEL, JOASH, JEHOIADA, ATHALIAH,* &c.

*ISHMAEL to Jehoiada.*

MY Lord, the Temple's free; no Foes remain.
The Foreigners are fled; the *Hebrews* yield.
The Voice of the Moſt High diſpers'd their Hoaſt,
As flying Smoke is ſcatter'd by the Wind.
Our *Levites*, from the Summits of the Temple,
Proclaim'd the Son of *Ahaziah* King;
And told the Crowd, how he eſcap'd the Sword,
And *Ahab*'s cruel Daughter is intangled.
On ev'ry ſide at once the Trumpet ſounded;
Whoſe Blaſts, and the loud Out-cries of the *Levites*,
Rais'd ſuch a ſudden Terror in her Camp,
As that, with which the *Midianites* were ſeiz'd,
When *Gideon* and his Soldiers blew their Trumpets.
The *Tyrians* firſt, caſting away their Arms,
Precipitately fled by diff'rent Roads.
Some conſcious *Hebrews* likewiſe follow'd them.
The reſt, admiring Heav'n's indulgent Care
Over young *Joaſh*, declar'd aloud for Him.
The People all, with equal Ardour fir'd,
Women, old Men, and Boys bounding with Joy,
Extol the Lord, and him whom He has ſent.
All ſing the wonderful Eſcape of *Joaſh*.
*Baal* is deteſted in the holy City.
His horrid Temple's Gates are batter'd down.
*Mathan* is ſlain.

*ATHALIAH.*

God of the *Hebrews*, thou haſt conquer'd!
'Tis even *Joaſh*! I wou'd in vain deny it.

I ſee the Traces of th' unhappy Blow;
I ſee the Air and Gait of *Ahaziah*.
All all convinces me too well, 'tis He;
The Offspring of that Houſe, which I abhor.
*David*, *David* triumphs; *Ahab* is fallen!
Mercileſs God! theſe are thy Acts alone!
'Tis Thou, who flatt'ring me with eaſy Vengeance,
Set me ſo oft' at Variance with myſelf;
Stirring ſometimes my Pity for a Child,
And ſometimes dazzling me with thy rich Treaſures,
Which I was loth to yield to Flames and Plunder.
Let then that Boy, thy Care, thy Minion, govern;
And let them, to diſtinguiſh his new Reign,
Cauſe him to plunge his Dagger in my Breaſt.
Give ear, at leaſt, to theſe my dying Words:
I wiſh; nay more, I confidently hope,
That reſtive to thy Yoke, ſpurning thy Pow'r,
And faithful to the Blood deriv'd from Me,
The hated Heir of *David* will be ſeen,
To trample on thy Laws, profane thy Altar,
And, with illuſtrious Zeal, revenge the Cauſe
Of *Ahab*, *Jezebel* and *Athaliah*!

*JEHOIADA.*

Bear her away this Moment from the Temple,
And let her not pollute this hallow'd Place.
Go, bleſt Revengers of your murder'd Princes,
And ſilence by her Death their crying Blood.
Shou'd any daring Wretch eſpouſe her Quarrel,
Give him with Her to the deſtroying Sword.

## SCENE VII.

*JOASH*, *JEHOIADA*, *JEHOSHEBA*, *ABNER*, &c.

*JOASH.*

O God! who ſee'ſt the Anguiſh of my Soul,
Avert her bitter Imprecation from me,
Nor ever ſuffer it to take Effect.
Let *Joaſh* rather dye, than e'er forget thee!

*JE-*

*JEHOIADA to the Levites.*

Call all the People to behold their King.
Let them approach, and plight their Faith before him.
King, Priests and People, let us all proceed,
To ratifie our Covenant with God,
Abash'd and humbled for our frequent Wand'rings;
And bind ourselves to Heav'n by new Engagements.
*Abner*, take near the King thy wonted Place.

*Enter a* Levite.

*JEHOIADA.*

So! has that impious Woman been rewarded?

## SCENE VIII.

*A LEVITE, JOASH, JEHOIADA, &c.*

*LEVITE.*

THE Sword has finish'd her disgraceful Life.
*Jerusalem*, which long had been her Prey,
At length deliver'd from her heavy Yoke,
With Joy beholds Her welt'ring in her Blood.

*JEHOIADA.*

By this dread End, deserv'd by her Transgressions,
Learn, King of *Judah*, and forget it not,
That Kings have over them a Judge Supreme,
Who frees th' Oppress'd, and Tyrants will condemn.

*FINIS.*

G.R.III.